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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Visit to the Seven Churches of Asia; with an Excursion into Pisidia; &c. By the Rev. F. V. J. Arundell, British Chaplain at Smyrna. 8vo. pp. 339. London, 1828. J. Rodwell.

ASATOLIA, covered as it is, we might say having its soil impregnated, with the precious remains of antiquity, cannot be traversed in any direction, and described by even the most casual observer, without furnishing much to attract the regards of the rest of the world. Mr. Arundell's Journals of two excursions from Smyrna to various interesting sites and places, are, it must be confessed, more dry and meagre, in many cases, than we could wish; but still they are often instructive, and always deserving of the attention of the classical scholar and the antiquary. Following principally in the tracks of Dr. Smith, (whose journey in 1671 is too little known,) Sir Paul Ricaut, Chishull, Pococke, Chandler, and Dalloway; besides Tournefort, Van Egmont, Hasselquist, and Choiseul Gouffier; the expeditions of our modern tourist were too hastily performed to enable him to add many very important facts to the information supplied by these distinguished travellers. But, still, he has corrected and authenticated several remarkable questions of geography and antiquities; and with some admirable notes by his eminent and very intelligent predecessor in the same course of inquiry, Colonel Leake,* his volume presents, as we have said, considerable claims to public attention.

Of the Seven Christian Churches of the Apocalypse, founded in Asia by the apostles, hardly a vestige remains. Smyrna, Ephesus, Pergamos, Sardis, Thyatira, Laodicea, and Philadelphia, (see Revelations, chap. ii. and iii.) with all their power and magnificence, have fallen into utter decay; except that the first-mentioned city remains a port of commercial consequence. But Ephesus is a mere heap of ruins; Pergamos has a population of 15000 Greeks, among 13,000 Turks; Sardis, once the splendid capital of Lydia, is a few mud huts; Thyatira (now Ak-hisar) has only one miserable Greek church; Laodicea (now Eskihisar) is a Turkish village, near masses and scattered fragments of ancient architecture and sculpture; and Philadelphia (now Allah Sher) has been shaken into dust by wars and earthquake. Of some of these, without tracing his route, we shall, at once, give the author's striking and mournful accounts.

Ephesus.—"What would have been the astonishment and grief of the beloved apostle and Timothy, if they could have foreseen that a time would come when there would be in Ephesus neither angel, nor church, nor city! when the great city would become 'heaps, a desolation, a dry land, and a wilderness; a land

wherein no man dwelleth, neither doth any son of man pass thereby!" Once it had an idolatrous temple celebrated for its magnificence as one of the wonders of the world, and the mountains of Corissus and Prion re-echoed the shouts of ten thousand tongues, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians!' Once it had Christian temples almost rivaling the pagan in splendour, wherein the image that fell from Jupiter lay prostrate before the cross, and as many tongues moved by the Holy Ghost made public avowal that 'Great is the Lord Jesus!' Once it had a bishop, the angel of the church, Timothy, the beloved disciple of St. John; and tradition reports that it was honoured with the last days of both these great men, and of the mother of our Lord. Some centuries passed on, and the altars of Jesus were again thrown down to make way for the delusions of Mahomet; the cross is removed from the dome of the church, and the crescent glitters in its stead; while within, the keble is substituted for the altar. A few years more, and all may be silence in the mosque and in the church! A few unintelligible heaps of stones, with some mud cottages untenanted, are all the remains of the great city of the Ephesians! The busy hum of a mighty population is silent in death! 'Thy riches and thy fair, thy merchandise, thy mariners, and thy pilots, thy carvers, and the occupiers of thy merchandise, and all thy men of war, are fallen.' Even the sea has retired from the scene of desolation; and a pestilential morass, covered with mud and rushes, has succeeded to the waters which brought up the ships laden with merchandise from every country.

"I was at Ephesus in January 1824; the desolation was then complete: a Turk whose shed we occupied, his Arab servant, and a single Greek, composed the entire population; some Turcomans excepted, whose black tents were pitched among the ruins. The Greek revolution, and the predatory excursions of the Samiotes, in great measure accounted for this total desertion. There is still, however, a village near, probably the same which Chishull and Van Egmont mention, having four hundred Greek houses.

Pergamos.—"The country immediately before entering the town was of an unpromising aspect, rocky and bare of trees, and in the winter must be very desolate, from the greater part of the low ground being covered with water. As we passed, however, under the arches of a bridge, and thence through a burial-ground, the view improved much, from the abundance of cypresses, poplars, and other trees. On entering the town, now nearly dark, I was struck by some enormously high masses of walls on the left, strongly contrasted with the diminutive houses beneath and around them. I heard, subsequently, that they are the remains of the church of the Agios Theologos, or St. John. Thursday, September 21.—I accompanied a Greek priest to his church, the only church at present in Pergamos; it lies on the ascent of the castle-hill, and is a poor shed covered with earth. Though the sun was blazing in full

splendour on all the scene without, this poor church was so dark within, that even with the aid of a glimmering lamp I could not distinctly see the figures on the screen. On one side of it another priest kept a little school of thirty scholars. I gave him a Testament. The contrast between the magnificent remains of the church of St. John which lay beneath, and this its poor representative, is as striking as between the poverty of the present state of religion among the modern Greeks, and the rich abundance of gospel light which once shone within the walls of the Agios Theologos.

"For a small bacchish (he adds, after other details) I was permitted to go into the bath, in which stands the celebrated vase. I had despaired of seeing it, as the bath was occupied by females during the morning, and subsequently by men; the evening, I was told, was the only time in which it could be shewn. But a little money will sometimes open the doors of any bath; and I was actually admitted while a number of females were reclining on the marble benches around the vase. Most exaggerated accounts were given by the keeper of the bath of the sums offered by English milords for this vase; one was said to have offered forty thousand piastres, and another to fill it with sequins.

Sardis. Identified with the names of Croesus, and Cyrus, and Alexander; and covering the plain with her thousands of inhabitants, and tens of thousands of men of war;—great even in the days of Augustus;—ruined by earthquakes, and restored to its importance by the munificence of Tiberius;—Christian Sardis, offering her hymns of thanksgiving for deliverance from pagan persecution, in the magnificent temples of the Virgin and Apostle;—Sardis, again fallen under the yoke of a false religion, but still retaining her numerous population, and powerful defence, only five hundred years ago:—what is Sardis now? 'Her foundations are fallen; her walls are thrown down.' 'She sits silent in darkness, and is no longer called the lady of kingdoms.' 'How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people!' A few mud huts, inhabited by Turkish herdsmen, and a mill or two, contain all the present population of Sardis. The only members of the church of Sardis are two Greek servants to the Turkish miller.

"Of the temple of Cybele only two pillars remain at present; the Turks have recently destroyed the rest, for the sake of the lead connecting the blocks. It is impossible to behold these magnificent columns, of which 'the capital,' says Mr. Cockerell, 'appeared to me to surpass any specimen of the Ionic I had seen, in perfection of design and execution,' without being inexpressibly affected. Colonel Leake believes these remains to be antecedent to the capture of Sardis by Cyrus, and yet the columns are as perfect as if erected yesterday! The object of greatest interest to the Christian traveller are the ruins of two churches; one at the back of the mill, said to be the church of the Panagia, and ano-

* This gentleman's *travels* in Asia Minor seem to have originated Mr. Arundell's journey; and he has greatly enhanced the value of the Rev. Chaplain's labours, by elucidating them by notes and comments.

ther in front of it, called the church of St. John. Of the former there are considerable remains, and it is almost wholly constructed with magnificent fragments of earlier edifices: it must be this to which Colonel Leake alludes, as being perhaps the only one of the Seven Churches of which there are any distinguishable remains; but there are also some remains of the church of Pergamos. Of the other, there are several stone piers, having fragments of brick arches above them, and standing east and west. When Smith wrote, a Christian church, having at the entrance several curious pillars, was appropriated to the service of the mosque. *

"Previous to quitting Sardis, I was deeply affected by an instance of bad principle in one of the two Christians at Sardis. I was anxious to send a letter to Smyrna, and requested this man simply to forward it by one of the numerous caravans which are almost hourly passing before the mill door, and, as an inducement, offered to give him a Greek Testament. I had made the same man a present last December. He flatly and surlily refused to do it; while a Turk, who accidentally came in at the moment, voluntarily offered to convey it, and he was as good as his word."*

* It is but justice to observe, that on many occasions our author, though naturally partial to the Greeks, is obliged, by his regard for truth, to show the superiority of the Turkish character. Thus, at the outset, he says:—"We left Smyrna at half-past three in the afternoon of Tuesday, March 20, 1826; our party consisting of Memet, a janissary of the English consulate; Melchon or Milcon, an Armenian, the proprietor of the horses, dressed as a Turk; Mustapha, a surgee; and Nicola, a Greek servant of Mr. Hartley (a church missionary who accompanied the author). We agreed to pay nine piastres a-day for each horse, and paid a sum in advance, stated by Milcon to be sufficient, with the stipulation that we were not to be called upon to pay the balance till our return to Smyrna; a stipulation he took care to break repeatedly upon the road. In addition to a very strong firman, for which I am indebted to the most kind application of Lord Strangford, about two years ago, and which embraced the whole of Asia Minor even to Caesarea, we had no less reason than Dr. Smith to praise the governor of Smyrna, not now a cadi, but a pasha, who behaved with extraordinary civility and courtesy, in giving us a teskerah, which included every town on our intended route from Smyrna to his pashalik of Isbarta; and his principal officers were no less obliging in giving me letters of introduction for Philadelphia, Ignighioul, &c." And again at the Hermus. "The ferry-boat was destroyed; no alternative remained but to ford the river, or return to Smyrna without seeing Thyatira. It was very broad, and looked very formidable. While we were hesitating, a fine Turkish lad of eighteen came up to us, and, unsolicited, offered to be our guide. He accompanied us to the brink of the river a short way below, and pointed out the fording place. The surgee plunged in, but before he had reached a quarter of the way across, he became terrified, and returned. The young Turk instantly mounted one of the horses, and rode in before us. It was providentially not so deep or rapid as to throw the horses off their legs, though very broad, and we reached the opposite bank in safety, though sufficiently wet. We offered some money to our guide who had earned it so well, but, with a generosity which formed a most striking contrast to the conduct of the Christian at Sardis, he positively refused to take a para!" At Demish, a village, "a circumstance occurred which proved that the Turks are much better informed, at least in every thing connected with their own language and history, than we are usually disposed to allow. A splendidly dressed Turk came into the khan, to whom the others paid so much respect, that I fancied he was the aga of the place, and probably he was so. He was very anxious to tell me that he had a very curious ancient coin, and that he had sent a person to fetch it. In a short time it came, and proved to be a coin of one of the Saracenic caliphs, having on one side a Cufic inscription. He asked me if I knew what it was. I replied that it was a coin of no value; that the letters were Cufic, Eki Arab; that I could not read them, and that very few people could; that I felt quite sure nobody in Demish could read them. The Turk said, 'I will show you that you are mistaken, and immediately putting the coin into the hand of an old white-bearded iman, directed him to read it. The old man, having put on his spectacles in due form, and rubbed off the dirt, letter after letter, with his finger, began to read; and to my astonishment read every word to the perfect satisfaction of every body around him. I only remember the date 1269 or 1267, and the word Melec. I shall long remember my desert at Demish with the appetite of a gourmand. A splendid Cassaba melon, which at Smyrna costs about two piastres, but here only ten paras, black and Burgundy grapes, and magnificent peaches."

We pass over Thyatira as a populous place, and Laodicea as offering nothing of extraordinary contrast, beyond heaps of prostrate grandeur; and conclude these examples with a portion of the description of the last of the Seven Churches, Philadelphia.—"We arrived at Allah Sher, the ancient Philadelphia, at a quarter before eleven, entering the town through chasms in the old wall, but which, being built of small stones, did not appear to be much older, if so ancient, than the last days of the lower empire; the passage through the streets was filthy in the extreme, though the view of the place as we approached it was extremely beautiful, and well entitled to the appellation of the 'fair city.' I had a letter for the Motalem from Suleiman Aga, the grand customer of Smyrna; Memet carried it to him; and returned speedily with a very different expression of countenance from his sombre looks, while fasting at Ignighioul. The Motalem not only sent his cashier instantly to supply us with all the money we might need, but requested us to go to the Greek bishop's palace, who had his orders to lodge and entertain us in the best manner possible. We walked through the town and up to the hill on which formerly stood the Acropolis; the houses were mean in the extreme, and we saw nothing on the hill but some walls, evidently of much more modern date than either the times of the Roman or even the lower empire. On an adjoining hill, separated from the first by a deep fosse or a narrow ravine, were similar fragments of walls, but we observed a few rows of large square stones just appearing above the surface of the ground. The view from these elevated situations was magnificent in the extreme; highly cultivated gardens and vineyards lay at the back and sides of the town, and before it one of the most extensive and richest plains in Asia. The Turkish name, Allah Sher, 'the city of God,' reminded me of the psalmist: 'beautiful for situation is mount Zion,' &c. There is an affecting resemblance in the present condition of both these once highly favoured 'cities of God'; the glory of the temple is departed from both; and though the candlestick has never been removed from Philadelphia, yet it emits but a glimmering light, for it has long ceased to be trimmed with the pure oil of the sanctuary. We returned through a different part of the town, and though objects of much curiosity, were treated with civility, confirming Chandler's observation, that the Philadelphians are a 'civil people.' It was extremely pleasing to see a number of turtle-doves on the roofs of the houses; they were well associated with the name of Philadelphia. The storks retain possession still of the walls of the city, as well as the roofs of many of the houses."

Considering the foregoing to be the most interesting separate extracts which Mr. Arundell's volume affords, we shall not dwell long on other parts of his narrative. One of his greatest geographical achievements appears to be the having determined and explored the site of Apameia, once Celene, the capital of Phrygia; which is undoubtedly at Deenare, (the Dinglar of Pococke) near the source of the Meander. To this source Mr. Arundell also penetrated on his second journey, by way of Tripolis. The account of Sagalassus, (Aglason,

* Sagalassus, otherwise called Selgeus, was one of the most important cities and most fertile districts in Phlida. It is described by Strabo as being within Taurus, near Mylas, which district extended northward as far as those of Sagalassus and Apameia. Artemidorus, as quoted by Strabo, places Sagalassus the second in his list of cities of

quære Sadjaku? see Lempriere) the furthest point of the route eastward and beyond Isbarta, is curious; though we cannot but think it determined by such canting as occurs in the annexed.

"At a quarter past ten, having crossed the stream for the eighteenth time, we were among mountains covered to the base with snow. Our road lay up the steep side of a lofty mountain; the snow gave a smooth surface to the whole, except where some craggy rocks, elevated a little above the snow, proved that the ground beneath was extremely rugged and full of pits. The ascent was difficult and perilous in the extreme; my horse fell repeatedly, and the baggage horses almost at every step. Long before we were half way up, I gave up all hope of being able to get the baggage horses to the top, and it was not without great labour, our poor horses falling and trembling as they plunged up to the shoulder at every step, that we reached the summit ourselves. Having rested a short time, I left my horse, and walked back again to look after the baggage. The party had just reached half way; most of the baggage, having fallen or been taken from the horses, lay scattered about in all directions, half buried in the snow; and the men were completely exhausted. Notwithstanding it was the ramazan, I ventured to offer some rakee to the surgee and mustapha, which they thankfully accepted, and its effect was to stimulate them to fresh and great exertions; and ultimately, by the mercy of God, we were all safe at the summit. A more perilous day I never recollect to have passed. The ground was ornamented profusely on the top of the hill with a beautiful species of crocus: I dug up several roots, in commemoration of His protecting and guiding hand to which we owed so much. The fatigue we had undergone made rakee quite as medicinal to us as to our attendants; and being sufficiently re-invigorated, we began to descend the mountain at half-past twelve o'clock. On this side, having a southern aspect, the snow providentially did not lie, but the road was narrow, winding, stony, and perpendicular. We at last arrived at the bottom, about one o'clock."

The digging up of crocus roots in honour of the Almighty, sounds to us very like fanatical profanation; and there are several other passages of the same kind in these pages, which might as well have been spared.—Aglason, or rather a mountain near it, is fertile in coins, medals, and inscriptions; of these, the author has brought several away; but the spot seems to invite a far longer abode, and more complete investigation from the antiquary. Of "all we saw," observes Mr. A. "the theatre most strongly attracted our attention, being in a state of preservation superior even to those of Laodicea and Hierapolis: I could almost fancy the crowds of ancient days rushing in at the different portals, and impatiently taking their places. The seats, forty in number, were almost as perfect as if still in use; and a considerable portion of the proscenium and entrances was nearly as perfect. The orchestra was covered with snow, as well as a large heap of stones, close to the proscenium. Among those covered, we saw a good deal of architectural ornament of excellent execution, but neither bas-relief nor inscription. We had no means of ascertaining the external diameter; but the interior must be about ninety feet, as

Phlida, the first being Selge. In the ecclesiastical Notice it also holds the second place, Antioch being the first.

the pulpitum of the proscenium was above eighty-six. In the pulpitum was a centre door fifteen feet high and nine wide, and two smaller doors on either side, of which the nearest was eleven feet high and nine wide, but the most remote, near the ends of the cavea, only five, including one of the door-posts. The distance between the pulpitum and the scene was eighteen feet. From the doors of the pulpitum were four steps to descend into the orchestra. The dramatic personæ were a solitary fox and a covey of red-legged partridges."

Before adding a very few brief quotations, illustrative of existing manners and circumstances, we will trace the outline of the routes, which extended to about 200 miles, as the crow flies, from Smyrna, but were both laborious and difficult in their circuitous run. The first was across the Tmolus mountain, by Metropolis, to Ephesus; thence to Inekbazar, and up the course of the Mæander by Akchay, and Nosl, to Sairikeuy (Caroura). Here Hierapolis, near the river Lycus, Laodicea, Denizli, Khonas, &c. were visited; and the traveller next proceeded by Chardak and the north of lake Anava to Deenare. The second route skirted the south of the Tmolus mountain, by Baidir, Demish, Kelles, and Debrant, to Tripolis. From Tripolis to Ishketi N.E.; thence S.E. by Omai and Deenare to Isbarta and Sagalassus—the return by a Salt Lake; and lastly, striking up to the north by Sardis (near the Hermus), Thyatira, Pergamos, round to Smyrna. The most northern line appears, according to the plan, to run nearly parallel to the most southern on the Mæander, at the distance of about eighty miles.

We now conclude with the promised miscellaneous.

A whimsical Alarm.—After leaving Isbarta, "we retired to rest at an early hour, and in no long time I was awoke out of a sound sleep by a voice exclaiming, 'What is this? what is it?—I have hold of a man's hand, a man's hand, really a man's hand!' I was alarmed; for our apartment having no fastening to the door, it was not an impossible thing that, among the multitude of characters in the khan, some thief had crept in. The alarm was quickly given; but it was almost as quickly discovered that it was the alarmist's own hand, which he had grasped so firmly in the other as to occasion a stoppage of the circulation. Some Armenians, who slept in an adjoining apartment separated only by a very thin partition, were sadly alarmed; and we heard one of them saying his prayers for a full hour afterwards with uncommon earnestness."

Anecdote.—"A most extraordinary instance of the pertinacity with which a Greek adheres to his religion, occurred only five days ago at Denizli. A man was accused of adultery with a Turkish woman; the alternative, in such cases, is either to become a mussulman, or death. The man, though of notoriously bad character, refused to abjure Christ, received two thousand strokes of the bastinado, and, after lingering for three days in a horrible state of suffering, died; and will henceforth be held in high regard by the Greek church as a martyr."

Bread.—"During a residence of four years and a half in Asia Minor, I have never eaten such delicious bread as at Kirgatch. It is amusing to observe the varied kinds and forms of bread which a traveller meets with even in a journey as short as mine. The common loaf and fraugoli (the latter is a long roll) are to be met with generally only as you approach within four or five days of Smyrna. Further in

the interior, you have large pancakes as thin as brown paper, which are eaten either folded up, or several doubled together. At Bourdour the bread was of a more singular form, very little thicker than a good English pancake, but instead of being circular, about a yard long and four inches wide."

Animals.—"The neighbourhood of Sedikeuy abounds with jackals; wild boars are also numerous; and about two years since a hyena was killed between that village and Boujah. Lions have, I believe, never been heard of near Sedikeuy; but a lion was seen a few years ago on the road to Nymphæum, by I. J.—t, Esq. Between Sedikeuy and Ephesus, wolves are frequently met with. The lynx has at times been seen in the mountains of Sedikeuy; and an enormous tiger, represented by the peasants as high as a mule, is at the present moment committing dreadful ravages among the flocks and dogs of the shepherds. Its abode is at the summit of a very lofty rock, about two miles south-east of the village. On the opposite mountain of Tartale, the ancient Mastusia, two species of bears, a large and small one, the one reddish-brown, and the other black, are not unfrequently seen. Since the above was written, the supposed tiger which has committed such ravages has been killed, and proves to be a leopard of enormous size. It came down on the flock of an old shepherd, who, having no arms, depended for his safety on an old dog and her three young ones, not two years old. The mother commenced the attack, but the leopard placed her quietly between his forelegs; a young dog was served in the same way; but a second fixed his teeth on the eye and lip of the beast, and kept so determined a hold, that the others were liberated, and after a fierce contest succeeded in killing the leopard."

Ephemerides; or, Occasional Poems, written in Scotland and South Africa. By Thomas Pringle. 12mo. pp. 220. London, 1828. Smith, Elder, and Co.

SCOTLAND and South Africa! good universities for the young poet to take his degree,—one with its old associations of song and romance, and its pastoral beauty linked to the quiet happiness of childhood—the other rich in the untrodden paths of wild and tropical magnificence. These latter scenes give a very peculiar tone to this little volume: the Caffer, the Karroo, the music of the Coranna, are terms unfamiliar to poetry; but the desert with its sweep of sand and sky—the lonely savage with his reed now turned to a spear and now a flute—the lion and his hunter,—are not these the very *matériel* of poesy? Mr. Pringle has found them such: but he shall speak for himself.

"Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the present, I turn to the past;
And the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And the shadows of things that have long since fled
Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead:
Bright visions of glory that vanish'd too soon—
Day dreams that departed ere manhood's noon—
Attachments by fate or by falsehood reft—
Companions of early days lost or left—
And my Native Land, whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame!
The home of my childhood, the haunts of my prime—
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
When the feelings were young, and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Paradise opening to view!
All—all now forsaken, forgotten, or gone!
And I—a lone exile remember'd of none—
My high aims abandon'd, and good acts undone,
Aweary of all that is under the sun—

With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the desert afar from man."

"Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
O'er the brown Karroo, where the beating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane
In fields seldom cheer'd by the dew or the rain;
And the stately koodoo exultingly bounds,
Undisturbed by the bay of the hunter's hounds;
And the timorous quagha's wild whistling neigh
Is heard by the fountain at fall of day;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste;
For she hies away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view,
In the ruthless depths of the parch'd Karroo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
Away—away in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never pass'd,
And the quivered Coranna, or Bechuan,
Hath rarely cross'd with his roving clan;
A region of emptiness, howling and drap,
Which man hath abandon'd, from famine and fear;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight bat from the old hollow stone;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub, takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;
And the bitter melon for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt-lake's brink;
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with oster'd sides;
Where reedy pool, nor mossy fountain,
Nor shady tree, nor cloud-capt mountain,
Is found, to refresh the aching eye:
But the barren earth, and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon round and round,
Without a living sight or sound,
Tell to the heart in its pensive mood,
That this is—Nature's solitude.

And here,—while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the cavern'd stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave, alone,
And feel as a moth in the mighty hand
That spread the heavens and heaved the land,—
A 'still small voice' comes through the wild,
(Like a father consoling his fretful child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying,—'Man is distant, but God is near!'

We should like a bird's eye view of such a landscape as the following:—

"Spread out below, in sun and shade,
The shaggy glen lies full of play'd—
Its shelter'd nooks and sylvan bowers,
And meadows flush'd with purple flowers:
And through it, like a dragon spread,
I trace the river's tortuous bed.
And there the Chalcid willow weeps,
Drooping o'er the dangerous steep,
Where the torrent, in his wrath,
Has rifted out a rugged path—
Like fissure cleft by earthquake's shock,
Through mead and jungle, mound and rock:
But the swollen water's wasteful sway,
Like tyrant's rage, hath pass'd away,
Leaving alone, to prove its force,
The ravage of its frantic course.
Now o'er its shrunk and slimy bed
Rank weeds and wither'd wrack are spread,
With the faint rill just oozing through,
And vanishing again from view;
Except where, here and there, a pool
Spreads 'neath some cliff its mirror cool,
Girt by the palmito's verdant screen,
Or shaded by the rock-ash green,
Whose slender sprays above the flood
Suspend the loxia's callow brood
In cradle-nests, with porch below,
Secure from wing'd or creeping foe,
(Weasel, or hawk, or writhing snake),
Wild waving as the breezes wake,
Like ripe fruit, hanging fair to see,
Upon the rich pomegranate tree."

There are some Sonnets of very superior merit, and some sweet songs; but our limits only allow us to add a farewell of cordial praise and good wishes to the writer.

Sophia de Lissau; or, a Portraiture of the Jews of the Nineteenth Century: being an Outline of their Religious and Domestic Habits; with Explanatory Notes. By the Author of "Elizabeth Allen; or, the Faithful Servant." 12mo. pp. 268. London, 1828. T. Gardiner and Son; Hatchard and Son; and Simpkin and Marshall.

CONSIDERED merely as a story, this little volume is exceedingly interesting; but from the

peculiar state of society it depicts, its actual details are more attractive than even its merits as a fiction. Nothing can be more extraordinary than the present situation of the Jews: here is a vast body of people living with us and among us, with whom we must be in daily intercourse; yet of whose manners, customs, &c. we know less than we do of nations from which land and sea separate us in vain. Amid the chances and changes which have swept away every vestige of classical or chivalric association; when even the very last century is so utterly forgotten, that scarce one fashion or habit remains; amid all this perpetual alteration,—the Jews alone retain almost all the customs and ceremonies of their ancestors. It would seem as if the more of difficulty is involved in the performance of a religious duty, the more certain is its performance. Considerable part of the volume is given to sketches of this kind; from them we shall proceed to make a selection.

A Jewish Funeral.—"The dying man, now nearly exhausted, repeated the confession used at this period, (repeated for them by a bystander, when the dying are either unable to articulate or insensible,) then half raising himself on his bed, he exclaimed, or rather attempted to exclaim, 'Hear, O Israel! the Lord thy God is One!' and expired with the sentence (so momentous in the eyes of a Jew at this awful period) imperfectly pronounced. All present then replied with a loud shout, 'The Lord he is God.' The sad and well-known sound announced to the household that all was over. They then quitted the chamber of death, leaving the now inanimate clay to the care of the men who had previously watched it while living; and, according to the Jewish custom, immediate arrangements were made for the funeral. A messenger for this purpose was sent to the synagogue of which the departed was a member, and where are deposited the bier and copper vessels invariably used in cleansing and preparing the body for interment. As dissolution had taken place at six in the evening, four the next afternoon was the time appointed for the burial. In the mean time the corpse was removed from the bed, and placed on the floor of the same chamber, with its feet towards the door;—a black cloth thrown over it;—lighted candles placed at the head;—and the two men left in charge of it until the time of preparing it for the grave. During this interval, the relatives ate no meat, nor tasted wine or spirits; all the water in the cisterns or other vessels was thrown away; and in the movements of the household the stillness of death seemed to prevail unbroken."

"Next day, about noon, the bier and copper vessels already alluded to arrived, and soon after, a coach drew up to the door filled with respectable Jews, who came to perform the last kind offices, which they immediately proceeded to do. Laying the body on the bier, which was placed in a sloping position on a long table, they carefully washed it with warm water, handed to them in the copper pots, and finished their ablution by pouring water on the head three times, which, from the inclined position of the corpse, flowed all over it; they next dried the body with peculiar care, and combed the beard and hair with a silver comb

* "This custom, which is invariably observed, though few Jews know its meaning, originated from an idea prevalent among the cabalistic Rabbins, that the angel of death, having executed his mission, washed his sword in the water. Similar to this superstition, is their custom of covering their cisterns at the equinox, from the belief that a drop of blood then falls from the spheres, which would deteriorate and spoil the water."

appropriated to that use. The burial dress of the deceased was then delivered to them: it consisted of fine linen, curiously worked at the collar and hands, and a robe, girdle, and turban, which had been constantly worn on the day of atonement and festival of the new year by the departed in the synagogue worship. When clothed in these long-prepared habiliments, the garment of fringes was placed in its due form about him, and its ends twisted into certain mystic forms, a winding-sheet of fine linen enclosed the whole, and the corpse was lifted into the plain deal shell prepared for its reception; beneath the head and arms were placed small pillows stuffed with saw-dust, and the lid of the shell immediately fastened; after which it was removed to a lower apartment, and the near relatives led in to perform the ceremony of rending their garments over the deceased. An aged Jew, whose province it was, then advanced, and in audible accents renounced, in the name of his relatives, friends, and lastly, of all Israel, any farther connexion with the departed, either here or hereafter. The body was then lifted into the hearse, and followed by various friends, and by the religious societies he had formerly belonged to; and lowered into a grave, which his nearest relatives first assisted to fill, and which was then closed to open no more, as more than one corpse is never laid in the same grave. When the procession returned, a meal of eggs boiled hard, and salt, was laid before the mourners, who kindled a light of pure olive oil, which was kept burning during the seven days of close mourning, and which was lighted up on the anniversary day of death, as long as the departed had a near relative living. These seven days are observed by the family sitting on the ground, with rent garments and dishevelled hair, while their friends come to condole with them on their loss; ten Jews regularly attend morning and evening to recite prayers. The bereaved relatives wear their beards unshaved thirty complete days; and the sons of a departed Jew attend morning worship eleven months, with scrupulous exactness, to recite certain prayers deemed requisite to facilitate the entrance of the soul into final happiness."

Jewish Passover.—"The leaven having been cleared away with scrupulous care, the family ceased to eat leavened bread, or any other article of that kind, by ten in the morning of the day on which the ceremony of the Passover was to be celebrated in the evening; and Leopold, as eldest son, fasted in memory of the slaying all the first-born throughout the land of Egypt. Rabbi Colmar, in person, assisted to cleanse all the utensils and vessels of plate, china, and glass, and the wooden tables and dressers of the kitchen. All other articles for use at this festival were new, or such as had been reserved from the preceding year. The Nazarene servants were closely watched, to ascertain that they brought no leaven into the house at this period; for most strictly do the Jews of the present day observe every minutia of the Passover, and all its ceremonies, both written and traditional. Alas! the letter alone remains to them;—the glory is departed; the spirit is not discerned; the veil is on their hearts; the great Antitype of this solemn feast is hid from their eyes. In their observances they may truly be said to 'sow the wind;' the awful consequence of which is declared by the lip of infallible truth to be, that they shall 'reap the whirlwind.' Christian reader! thou who art concerned for the true peace of Jerusa-

lem, which is indeed hid from 'her eyes, oh, lift up thine heart to the Most High, and join with the royal Psalmist in saying—"Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion! when God bringeth back the captivity of his people, Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad." On the commencement of the Passover-eve, all the males of the family repaired to the synagogue; while Anna and her daughters remained at home, to prepare the chamber for the celebration of the ceremony. They decked the table, which was large enough for the whole household to surround, with a cloth of snowy whiteness, and set on it a cup for every person, and a book for each one, containing the prayers used at this time. In the centre of the table stood a large dish, on which was laid, folded in separate napkins, three very large cakes of unleavened bread, differing from those used for food, and distinguished from each other by peculiar notches, according to which they were placed to be made use of in the ceremony. On this dish was also placed bitter herbs and a cup of salt water, into which they were dipped (during the observance of these solemn rites), and eaten in remembrance of the bitter bondage of Egypt. Small balls, composed of apples, almonds, &c. pounded into a paste, were placed there, as symbolic of the bricks and mortar among which the Hebrews worked at that ever memorable period. The shank-bone of a lamb, roasted, was among these emblems, as a memorial of the paschal lamb, commanded by the children of Israel, and which may not be eaten, as there ordered, out of the holy city. An egg, roasted by fire, completed the articles set on the dish. The duteous children of Solomon de Lissau next arranged a couch for their revered father to recline on, while he presided at the performance of the ceremony; and concluded their labour by placing ewers filled with water, and basins and towels, that they might pour water on the hands of all who partook of the Passover, the meanest Hebrew servant not excepted, according to ancient usage; for on the night of their great deliverance there was no distinction of persons, but all the children of Israel were free. The Nazarene servants were commanded to keep closely in their kitchen during the ceremony, nor were they, or any one but the true seed of Abraham, allowed to witness it; indeed, on the preceding year, Anna had discharged two servants, who, by indiscreet curiosity, had been tempted to listen in the ante-chamber, and who had been caught there when the chamber door was, according to custom, set open, while the assembled family repeated the malediction contained in Psalm lxxxix. 6."

Jewish Marriage.—"In the presence of these friends, Leoni and Sophia were mutually contracted to each other; and the deed especially declared, that the marriage was to take place within six months from its date, under penalty of a heavy forfeiture of money (to an amount therein specified) by the receding party. This deed having been duly signed and witnessed, the ceremony ended by breaking a china cup, according to ancient usage, as a ratification of it.

"The marriage ceremony is always celebrated with splendour and show by the Jews, nor are the poorest among them exempt from this custom. As every guest brings a present, chiefly consisting of plate, according to ability, the lower orders, especially, are anxious to invite as many as possible on that account; for which purpose they generally hire a public room, to accommodate such a large assemblage; and not unfrequently, when the wedded pair

are very poor, these gifts are disposed of immediately, to defray the expense of the feast, and assist the young couple in housekeeping. A friend, on whom dependance can be placed, is stationed near the entrance of the apartment, to receive the presents of the guests, as they arrive; another writes down each person's name and their gift, which is instantly deposited in a chest; and after all invited have arrived, it is locked and put in a place of safety. If any person invited is prevented attending, this circumstance does not prevent their gifts from being regularly sent in their names; but those who are merely invited to tea and dance, are not expected to bring any present.—It may here be observed, that the Jews consider it a highly meritorious act to promote marriage, or in any way assist in its celebration; but those who are in their year of mourning for a near relative may not attend a wedding feast, nor be seen where music or cards form any part of the entertainment. Wednesday is the day on which the Jews celebrate their marriages, and a second ball on Thursday evening concludes the feast; but if either of the party have been previously married, Sunday is the day chosen, and music and dancing form no part of the entertainment. The choice of Wednesday for the above purpose still continues among the Jews; but like many other of their observances, the original cause for selecting that day has long ceased to exist, and had its origin simply because, as the Sanhedrin held its sitting on Thursday, the newly married man could immediately bring his wife before them, if he had any ground of complaint.

"The nuptial canopy is composed, in general, of crimson velvet; it is square, and supported at each corner by four of the persons present; a piece of carpet is spread beneath it, and the bridegroom and bride, the rabbi, and all concerned in the ceremony, stand under it, while the contract is read, &c. It is deposited at the synagogue, and is brought to the house, where the wedding is celebrated, by the servants of the synagogue, and carried back as soon as the ceremony is over."

Both as a work of curiosity and an interesting tale, this volume is, we think, very likely to be popular; we are, therefore, doubly anxious to enter our protest against the bigotry of the sweeping condemnation at page 264. Such judgment was never meant to be pronounced by falling and finite creatures: when we are dispensers of God's justice, then may we presume to set bounds to that mercy, which they who deny it to others, ought surely not to hope for themselves.

The History of Rome, by B. G. Niebuhr. Translated by Julius Charles Hare, M.A. and Connop Thirlwall, M.A., Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 556. London, 1828. J. Taylor; J. Duncan; Hessey; Hatchard; Deightons, Cambridge; and Parker, Oxford.

IN No. 535 of the *Literary Gazette*, (April 21, 1827,) we spoke of the vast historical importance of Mr. Niebuhr's work, of which a translation, in two volumes, by Mr. Walter, was then just published: and whatever encomiums we bestowed at that time may now be reiterated with increased warmth and force. Not content with the fame which his first publication obtained for him, Mr. Niebuhr has only been stimulated by success to greater exertions, and has for years devoted himself to the acquisition of new truths, and the consequent improvement of his justly celebrated *History of Rome*. With a rare degree of candour and honesty

too, he has confessed faults in his earliest performance which few eyes but his own were competent to detect: he has himself repudiated these errors, and he has given his laborious and useful life to a new edition of this work, such as he may safely rest an immortal literary reputation upon, as one of the ablest and most impartial historians of any age or country. "The end of the last century (says his preface) was the opening of a new era for Germany. Men were no longer satisfied with superficial views in any field of knowledge; vague empty words had lost their currency; but neither was the work of destruction, in which the preceding age, indignant against protracted usurpation, had taken pleasure, any longer held to be sufficient: my countrymen strove after definite and positive knowledge, like that of their forefathers; but it was after true knowledge, in the room of that imaginary knowledge which had been overthrown. We had now a literature, worthy of our nation and language: we had Lessing and Goethe: and this literature comprised, what none had yet, a great part of the Greek and Roman, not copied, but, as it were, reproduced. For this Germany is indebted to Voss, whom our grandchildren's children and grandchildren must extol as their benefactor: with whom a new age for the knowledge of antiquity begins; inasmuch as he succeeded in eliciting out of the classical writers what they presuppose,—their notions of the earth, for instance, and of the gods, their ways of life and their household habits: and understood and interpreted Homer and Virgil as if they were our contemporaries, and only separated from us by an interval of space. His example wrought upon many: upon me, ever since my childhood, it has been enforced by personal encouragement from this old friend of my family."

"It was," (he continues, in relating his own progress as a successor worthy of all the panegyric he bestows on Voss,)—"it was a time full of hope when the university of Berlin was opened: and the enthusiasm and delight in which months rolled away, while the contents of the first volumes of this history were digested for lectures and worked up for publication;—to have enjoyed this, and to have lived in 1813, this of itself is enough to make a man's life, notwithstanding much sad experience, a happy one. In this state of delight the meaning of many an ancient mystery disclosed itself: but yet more were overlooked: in much I erred: a still greater part was left in a disjointed condition feebly supported by proofs. For my knowledge was the unsatisfactory knowledge of one who had been self-taught, and who as yet had only been able to devote to study such hours as he could withdraw from business: and I had reached the end of my journey like a man walking in his sleep along the eaves. That these defects, and the overhasty composition of the first volume, which had compelled me to introduce repeated corrections in the sequel of the work itself, did not hinder its reception from being on the whole very favourable, is a proof that the revival of Roman history was in accord with the spirit of the age: nay, our age, it seems to me, may discern that it is immediately called by Providence to this inquiry, inasmuch as, within the eleven years since it commenced, three new and rich sources have been opened to us by the publication of Lydus, Gains, and Cicero's Republic: whereas centuries had previously elapsed without adding any thing to our means of knowledge. To these defects of my work I was far from blind: the points attacked by those who criticised it

were by no means the weak ones, but often the soundest and strongest. My being aware of these faults, and desirous to make use of the new discoveries, was the main reason which retarded the continuation: for it was necessary that, before I proceeded, the first volume should be written anew. Meanwhile, however, I was living in Italy, and living at Rome, too much taken up in gazing and receiving impressions to work with energy at books: besides, I fancied I should not be able to proceed without the happiness I had once enjoyed, at the time when the point on which the question hinged would come forward into a clear light while I was conversing with Savigny, and it was so easy for me to ask many a question, so cheering to complete the embryo thought and to try its worth. On my return to Germany I drew up the plan of the third volume, preparing the way for it by remodelling the first, and correcting the second. This new edition, in which it was my aim to make the proofs and the solutions perfect, required very extensive labours; but as all labour is lightened when new springs of activity are imparted, so this was mainly promoted by my lectures on Roman antiquities last winter. What Pyrrhus said to his Epirots—*Ye are my wings*—is the feeling of a zealous teacher toward hearers whom he loves, and whose whole souls take an interest in his discourse. Not only does the endeavour to make himself clear to them, and to utter nothing as truth which can admit of a doubt, speed his researches: the sight of them assembled before him, the immediate relation in which he stands to them, awakens a thousand thoughts during the time he is speaking: and in how very different a manner does one write down words which had previously been poured forth as the fresh thoughts prompted them! The work which I here lay before the public is, as the first glance will shew, an entirely new one, in which scarcely a few fragments of the former have been incorporated. It would have been incomparably easier to have preserved the groundwork of the first edition; I resolved on the far more difficult task, as the most expedient, which would give unity and harmony to the whole. That whole, consisting of this and the next two volumes, is the work of a man who has reached his maturity: whose powers may decline, but whose convictions are thoroughly settled, whose views cannot change: and so I wish that the former edition may be regarded as a youthful work. Our friends are often more tender-hearted toward us than we are ourselves; and perhaps one or two may regret some things that have been destroyed and cast away. More than once it was with a lingering hand that I overthrew the old edifice: but what was built on suppositions which had been found to be wrong, could not be permitted to remain; nor was it allowable to preserve it by slipping some other prop under it, so as to efface the appearance of the original foundation. The continuation, down to the term which I have now set before me, I may, if it please God and his blessing abide with me, confidently promise, although the progress may be but slow. It is the work of my life, which is to preserve my name, not unworthy of my father's: I will not lazily abandon it. It is with a solemn feeling that I close this preface with the words which, fifteen years ago, closed that of the first edition: the repetition of them 'brings back the images of joyous days, and much-loved shades rise up before my soul.'"

These sentences powerfully explain the au-

thor's means, his objects, and his character. They teach us to expect, what we already find in this first volume, a work of almost inestimable value: in short, a work which makes Rome and the Romans another city and another people to us. Of the translation we need only say, that it renders the German original as purely and accurately into English as has ever been accomplished by any writer. The concluding two volumes must be looked for impatiently throughout the whole civilised world.

The Parochial History of Bremhill, in the County of Wilt; &c. &c. By the Rev. W. L. Bowles, A.M. 8vo. pp. 255. London, 1828. Murray.

THE title of this work by no means prepared us for such an interesting collection of historical matter, anecdotes, and antiquarian disquisitions, as its pages contain. Bremhill is a romantic parish in the deanery of Avebury, over which our highly respected author presides as vicar. By a survey of the parish itself, a reference to many curious particulars connected with it, and some acute illustrations of ancient monuments in the neighbourhood, Mr. Bowles has completed a volume which will be prized by antiquaries, and pleasing to all.

In p. 47 the following ingenious observations respecting the mounds of Marlborough, Marden, and Silbury, occur:—

"1. The Celts had their chief deity, Mercury, distinguished above all the rest; a fact ascertained from Caesar: 'Deum maxime Mercurium colunt.' The Britons and the Celts, I need not add, are considered by Caesar as the same. 2. The Britons had their temples of stone worship; a fact which I think could not be denied by any one who looks on Stonehenge with the passage of Diodorus in his mind. 3. It being admitted that this 'round temple' was dedicated to one of their deities, a temple still more ancient and stupendous, we might naturally conceive, would be dedicated to the more distinguished and most honoured deity. 4. What deity was this? Teutates, whom Caesar calls Mercury. Hitherto we are on facts, and the most inevitable inferences seem to follow these facts. Caesar says of this god among the Celts there are 'plurima simulacra.' 5. If we may naturally admit that the most ancient elaborate temple was dedicated by the Britons to some deity, that deity, it is equally natural to conceive, would not be the second or third in their estimation, but the first: it further follows that some of the ascertained circumstances which mark the worship of this deity would not be here omitted; and Lamy speaks of the mound, which he calls by the name of the Tumulus of Mercury. 6. An obvious reason would occur for such an elevation being peculiarly appropriate to him. This I have endeavoured to shew from his character as messenger of Jupiter. 7. A temple dedicated to the Thunderer would be on the highest elevation. The highest elevation is near, dedicated to Tanaris; and near also appears the temple to Teutates, dedicated to the messenger of that deity, who in Britain is placed before the god he served. 8. There must be some reasons for this superiority; then let us see what facts we can produce. Will it be denied that the Druids derived their knowledge from the East, or that Mercury was derived from the great Egyptian Hermes? But if Teutates was so distinguished among the Britons as to invert the very order of the Roman divinities, on what account could it be? because from him the Britons derived their highest knowledge. 9. If Teutates and Thoth were ab-

origine the same, and the Britons worshipped him on account of their learning; what learning, may we further admit, could they derive from him which entitled him above the rest of the gods to such honours and so high a rank? That learning which Thoth taught the Egyptians, astronomy and the idea of immortality. What are Caesar's own words respecting the first? 'Multa preterea de sideribus atque eorum motu, de mundi et terrarum magnitudine, de rerum naturalium, de deorum immortalium vi ac potestate disputant, et juventuti tradunt.' 'They argue much on the stars and their motion, of the magnitude of the world and the earth, of the nature of things, of the power of the immortal gods, and this they deliver or teach their youth.'

In reference to Stanley Abbey, we are presented with some very sweet and pathetic lines on Lockswell spring.

"Pure fount, that, welling from this wooded hill,
Dost wander forth, as into life's wide vale,
Thou to the traveller dost tell no tale
Of other years; a lone unnoticed rill,
In thy forsaken track, unheard of men,
Making thy own wild music through the glen.
Time was when other sounds and songs arose—
When o'er the pensive scene, at evening's close
The distant bell was heard, or the full chant
At morn came sounding high and jubilant;
Or, stealing on the wilder'd pilgrim's way,
The moonlight *maerere* died away,
Like all things earthly—

Stranger, mark the spot—
No echoes of the chiding world intrude.
The structure rose, and vanish'd solitude
Possess'd the woods again—old Time forgot,
Passing to wider spoil, its place and name.
Since then, ev'n as the clouds of yesterday,
Seven hundred years have well nigh pass'd away:
No wreck remains of all its early pride;
Like its own origins, its fame has died.

But this pure fount, through rolling years the same,
Yet lifts its small still voice, like penitence
Or lowly pray'r. Thou, pass, admonish'd hence,
Happy, thrice happy, is, through good or ill,
Christian, thy heart respond to this forsaken rill."

At a time when the subject of the division of the tithes is exciting considerable interest, the observations of one who is well versed in the matter cannot be deemed unimportant. After remarking that, anciently, "the cathedral church was the parish church," Mr. Bowles adds, "the great and truly venerable Bede was the intimate friend of Egbert, then archbishop of York. From his advice and direction, I have no doubt, what are called the 'Constitutions of Egbert' were framed, by which the episcopal missionary was first made independent; that is to say, he was no longer paid precariously at will, but for his trouble a fourth of the tithes were given. The bishop still kept one part; one portion being set apart for the repairs; a third for the poor; and a fourth for the officiating missionary. Before I proceed, it might be proper—as so much has been made of this circumstance, which, from ignorance or malice, has been so often repeated by the enemies of the church establishment in our days, to state briefly some particulars which will, I hope, set this matter in a fair light: First—at that time tithes were the smallest part of what the priest received. Oblations of all kinds were far more productive when the priest had the consciences of almost all the rich in his hands, and when such immense estates were possessed by the convents. Secondly—the priest had no taxes of any kind to pay; no house to furnish and keep in repair or to build. Thirdly—he had no wife and children, for whose welfare, after he was dead, he must feel a husband's and a parent's anxiety. Fourthly—instruction cost him nothing, and he had no son to educate at Oxford—with such expense

"As pinches parents blue!"

"Let us then compare his situation under the present state of civil society: First—he receives no oblations, showered into his hands by superstition, and all lands which fed the poor are alienated. Secondly—not one clergyman in ten (I think I may say in twenty) has one-fourth or one-fifth of tithes at all. The clergyman visits the sick—the clergyman is at his post—the clergyman, standing between the rich and the poor, is, in remote parishes, (of course there are exceptions,) the poor man's only friend. Yet the tithes, the great tithes I mean—are paid at the highest value, in most cases to some distant lay improprator. Between Bath and Marlborough, every living is in other hands than those of the clergyman.* Thus not only all the lands are taken away, but most of the tithes; and the clergyman might well say, give me back half you took from me, excuse me from paying poor-rates, government taxes of all kinds—keep my house in repair—educate my children—provide for my wife and children only some independent comforts when I am dead; and most cheerfully would I pay the repairs of the whole church, as I do now of the chancel and the parsonage house—keep all the sick, aged, and needy poor, give the bishop half, instead of a quarter, and pay the first fruits and tenths—'bona fide, ad valorem,' into the bargain! This is the proper way of meeting the objection; but, though there are so many well-informed gentlemen in the House of Commons, and many who would be inclined to answer, or glad to hear these charges answered, the obvious refutation has not been satisfactorily brought forward in that assembly."

We conclude our extracts from this various work with an account of the Moravian funeral ceremonies; of which sect there is an establishment near Bremhill.

"The garden-green before the chapel is surrounded by those invited—the neighbours of their own fraternity, old and young, and the young ladies of the school, all similarly dressed in white, with a simple black riband. As soon as the coffin is brought from the house, the officiating minister reads the opening verses of our funeral service; after which he gives out the first stanza of a hymn—

Our aged friend is gone to rest.

This is sung in unison by the young women, and the effect is very impressive. The coffin is then borne into the chapel; the clergy of the established church invited, go the next in order, then the Moravian ministers, and afterwards the congregation. A sermon is preached, and, in the same order as before, the coffin is borne to the burial-ground. The whole of this area is surrounded on one side by the women of the establishment and the young females; on the other by the minister, friends, and fraternity. The whole join in an affecting hymn, after which the coffin is deposited in the earth, and a few prayers are read. At the afternoon service in the chapel there are prayers and an appropriate anthem. The minister then gives a narrative of the life of the departed brother, and the whole is concluded by the congregation, rich and poor, taking bread together, and, what is difficult to mention with appropriate seriousness, drinking

* Bath-Easton, Bath-ford, Box, Cornham, Chippenham, Overton, Prushute, and two churches in Marlborough, are small vicarages. Cornham is scarcely worth two hundred a-year to the vicar; but the rector, a gallant and amiable admiral, whose parish is the Atlantic or Mediterranean, Sir H. B. Neale, receives, probably, three thousand!"

tea! The place devoted to receive the last remains of those who die among the congregation is a square enclosure, to which a walk leads from the sister's house and the minister's: it is surrounded by a few firs and shrubs. The sisters are buried by themselves, and another portion of the consecrated ground is allotted to the brethren. A small, square stone is laid on the ground, the top somewhat elevated; no inscription appears except H. H. S. S. for single sister; or M. H. M. S. married sister 'departed'; or, on the brother's side, W. G. M. B. or S. B.—married or single brother 'departed.' No distinction is made between rich or poor, minister or brother."

In some parts our worthy author is a little controversial, and alludes to by-gone discussions: but he is always in good humour, and generally entertaining.

Personal Narrative of the Irish Rebellion.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

WE closed our first notice of this volume by observing that all Mr. Teeling's friends in the rebellion were beautiful heroes. *Es. gr.* Lord E. Fitzgerald: "Young, ardent, and enterprising; enthusiastic in his love of liberty; of devoted attachment to his country, and possessing the most unbounded confidence of his countrymen in return; reared in the school of arms, and distinguished for military science, he possessed all the qualities to constitute a great and popular leader, and seemed destined by nature for the bold and daring enterprise to which an abhorrence of oppression, and the most lively sense of justice, irresistibly impelled him."

Mr. Aylmer, in Kildare, was "the bold and enterprising Aylmer. Descended from a family of high respectability and worth, still conspicuous for the virtues which distinguished their ancestors, Aylmer's example produced a powerful effect, while it gave confidence to his associates in arms: their confidence was not misplaced, and his courage and military talent proved him not undeserving of their choice."

A gentleman designated as Young Carroll. "The rising traits of manly beauty were conspicuous in his person. Not exceeding twenty years of age, he had all the deportment of riper manhood—a countenance intelligent and interesting portrayed a heart sensibly alive to all the finer feelings of honour,—brave, generous, and humane. This was the first day in which he had borne arms, and he bore them with a manly courage."

In Down the commander was Mr. Russell:—"Gentle by nature, but lofty in soul, he was enthusiastic in all his attachments; and while he bore personal privations with an heroic firmness, he felt the keenest sensibility for the misfortunes of others. A model of manly beauty, he seemed formed no less for admiration than command, and won, by the mildness of his manners and the purity of his heart, that marked distinction which was more the spontaneous offering to superior worth, than looked for or assumed by the unconscious possessor."

In Antrim "the attention of the bolder spirits was directed to the man on whose talent and firmness all could rely; this was the gallant McCracken, into whose breast no timid counsel ever found entrance. He promptly obeyed the call, and placed in that situation which had been so recently abandoned, he devoted his life to the hopes and security of his country. McCracken was possessed of all that energy of soul which is the inseparable com-

panion of the noble mind, and marks the character of those who, in the perilous path to freedom, must too often sacrifice the softer ties of kindred and domestic attachments; his heart was formed for the enjoyment of these, but embraced the wrongs of the human race.—Lively, generous, and sincere, I met no man who bore privations with greater firmness. A short sketch has been drawn by one of his companions in arms, who survived the fatal catastrophe.—'I saw him,' said he, 'as he marched for the field; his loose, flowing locks were confined by the helm which shaded the arch of his manly brow, while his eye beamed with the fire which animated his soul, pure as the breeze from his native mountain, and generous as the floods which fertilise the valleys. The damps of the dungeon had rendered pallid his cheek, and less robust his form; but the vigour of his mind was uninjured by the tyranny of the oppressor. I saw him in the blaze of his conquest—I saw him in the chill of defeat. I witnessed his splendour in arms, and the pride of his soul in distress. Circumstances unavoidably separated us. A little time—and he was the tenant of the tomb!'"

The partiality of friendship may plead for these extravagant eulogies; but we fear history must pause upon them as but the warm effusions of a kindred spirit, magnifying the merits of those embarked with him in a bloody and unsuccessful cause,—the deeply tragic portions of which were well calculated to excite strong rather than correct feelings. But the subject is too painful to dwell much longer on, and we shall hasten our brief remaining extracts. Of the cruelties exercised towards prisoners or suspected persons, it is related and asserted to be true, that such instances as the following occurred. On a public thanksgiving, "the religious rites of the day had terminated, when the next after me in succession, the humane and kind-hearted Black, crossed the ferry. He had scarcely pressed the shore, when he was rudely seized, suspended by the neck, and though life was not extinguished, he experienced all the terrors and the pains of death. This was a species of punishment so generally practised throughout Ireland, and in which the executioner became so expert, that he hid himself in his knowledge of the extent of human suffering; distinguishing the precise point when the soul, just winged for its flight to a more peaceful world, might yet be detained, by the suspension of animal torture. Merciful Heaven! what refinement in the science of human suffering! Poor Black had given no offence—he had done no wrong—but his benevolent heart was suspected of sympathising in the miseries of his country."

After the battle of Ballynahinch, "the British never gave quarter, which accounts for the circumstance that few or no prisoners were made. Amongst those who perished on this occasion was a young and interesting female, whose fate has been so feelingly recorded in the poetic strains of our distinguished countrywoman, Miss Balfour. Many were the romantic occurrences of a similar nature at this unfortunate period, but none perhaps more deserving of our sympathy than the interesting subject of the present incident. The men of Ards were distinguished for their courage and discipline, and their division bore a full share in the disasters of the day. In this division were two young men remarkable for their early attachment and continued friendship. They were amongst the first to take up arms, and from that moment had never been sepa-

rated. They fought side by side, cheering, defending, and encouraging each other, as if the success of the field solely depended on their exertions. Monroe had assigned on the 12th a separate command to each, but they entreated to be permitted to conquer or perish together. One had an only sister; she was the pride of a widowed mother, the loved and admired of their village, where to this hour the perfection of female beauty is described as it approximates in resemblance to the fair Elizabeth Grey. She had seen her brother and his friend march to the field: she had bidden the one adieu with the fond affection of a sister, but a feeling more tender watched for the safety of the other. Every hour's absence rendered separation more painful; every moment created additional suspense. She resolved to follow her brother—her lover—to the field. The fatal morn of the 13th had not yet dawned when she reached Ednevady heights. The troops of the Union were in motion. She joined the embattled ranks. The enthusiasm of love supported her through the perils of the fight, but borne down in the retreat, she fell in the indiscriminate slaughter, while her brother and her lover perished by her side. The town of Ballynahinch was pillaged and fired. So intent were the British troops on plunder, that many fugitives escaped the slaughter to which they must otherwise have fallen victims. Subsequent courts-martial, however, afforded an ample scope for the indulgence of the sanguinary passions. The brave Monroe was one of their first victims. Two days after the battle his place of concealment was discovered; his person was soon identified; nothing further was wanting. He knew the fate that awaited him. With a quick but a firm step and undaunted composure he ascended the scaffold, evidently more desirous to meet death than to avoid it. He was executed in the thirty-first year of his age, at the front of his own house, where his wife, his mother, and sister resided. His head was severed from his body, and exhibited upon the market-house on a pike, so situated as to be the first and the last object daily before the eyes of his desolate family."

We are told the following story in a note, which laments the expatriation of Irishmen to serve in foreign armies.

"The field of Fontenoy was contested with the most obstinate courage by the allied troops of England, Hanover, &c. under the command of the Duke of Cumberland, and those of France under the veteran Marshal Saxe. The battle was long and doubtful, but the fortune of the day promised victory to the allies. The troops of France were worsted in every quarter, and the attention of the commander was now chiefly directed to the personal safety of the monarch. In this hour of discomfiture and impending ruin, the French king addressed the veteran Saxe, and eagerly inquired was there nothing left to uphold the honour of the day. 'I have yet,' replied the gallant Saxe, 'a small reserve. The Irish troops are fresh, but their numbers are few.' They were led to immediate action, and the stimulating cry of 'Cieniegeger Louimeneigh agus er faule ne Sasinnagh' was re-echoed from man to man. The fortune of the field was no longer doubtful, and victory the most decisive crowned the arms of France.' 'Curse on the laws,' exclaimed the British monarch, 'which deprive me of such subjects!' I have extracted the foregoing anecdote from a journal of the campaign. Remember Limerick and Bristol faith."

paings of my maternal grand uncle, who bore a distinguished share in the honours of that day; and the following I report on the authority of his son, who served in the Irish brigade until its final departure from France in the early years of the revolution. 'We were under arms and about to march from France, after a century of military service, covered with military glory. We halted to receive the last salutations of the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth, in the person of monsieur his brother. The scene was an affecting one. He advanced to the front of the brigade. The officers formed a circle round him. He addressed us under evident feelings of agitation,—many were honoured by the most flattering marks of his personal attention. 'We acknowledge, gentlemen,' said he, 'the invaluable services which France, during the lengthened period of a hundred years, has received from the Irish brigade; services which we shall never forget, though totally unable to repay. Receive this standard,' (it was embroidered with the shamrock and fleur-de-lis,) 'a pledge of our remembrance, a token of our admiration and respect; and this, generous Hibernians, shall be the motto on your spotless colours,—

'1692—1792.'
'Semper et ubique fidelis.'

A history of the gallant Irish Brigade would be a most interesting work; but we have now to conclude, which we shall do with a tragicomic anecdote.

"A small party of a Highland regiment had been despatched from the little village of D—to search for arms. They stopped at the cabin of a peasant, and demanded entrance. Poor Pat had a cow, a rare blessing. He was in the act of cleansing its miserable hovel, with a large three-pronged fork, when he observed the soldiers around his cottage. Irishmen generally act from the first impulse; and the first impulse of Pat's mind at this moment was self-preservation. He darted from the hovel, and with the long fork in his hand, dashed through the astonished soldiers, heading his course towards a neighbouring bog, bounded by the road over which we passed. The party pursued.—Pat had gained an important point. The attention of the enemy was drawn off from his castle, and his little family had time to make arrangements for their safety. The pursuit was hot, but the retreat still more vigorous; the encumbrance of brogues was soon laid aside, and Pat, in his native phraseology, gained the bog in a jiffy. He was more fleet than his pursuers; but a stout, lengthy, brawny grenadier, as familiar with bog and mountain as the best Irishman in the province, had far outrun his companions, and every moment gaining ground in the pursuit, was just within bayonet reach, when Pat, wheeling rapidly round, charged him with his long three-pronged fork in front; the thrust was a home one, and the Highlander fell. Pat, who in all his varieties of life had never seen the Highland costume before, gazed in surprise on his fallen enemy, addressing him in his native language—'Though eshin, lhat agus gu neineg sheigh-mough yut S' Dioul un daugh viegh urth er maudin um eigh sheigh, agus taught amangh gou dugh brieshtiegh.'—'Take that, and much good may it do you: you were in a devil of a hurry after me this morning, when you did not wait to put on your breeches.' These were the dismal times of Ireland; but let us hope that brighter are now dawning; and, in the terms of its own expressive

saying, "Remember that the darkest hour of the four-and-twenty is that before day."

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Resumen Historico de la Revolucion de los Estados Unidos Mejicanos, &c. Por Don Pablo de Mendibil. Londres, 1828. R. Ackermann.

THE great political interest attached to the new republics which have arisen on the dissolution of the Spanish dominion in America, seems to render some notice of every important work concerning them indispensable on our part. Under this impression, we consider ourselves bound to point the reader's attention to the publication quoted above, as one containing a comprehensive account of the origin and progress of the Mexican Revolution. The author has drawn his materials chiefly from the Cuadro Historico de la Revolucion de Mejico, by Don Carlos Maria Bustamente, which consists of a series of letters, in four volumes. That work, besides being too extensive and diffuse for general use, has become very scarce; and it is, therefore, no slight advantage for those who are desirous of obtaining correct information on the Mexican Revolution, to find all the important facts in Bustamente's details carefully collected and lucidly arranged in an octavo volume of moderate size, and illustrated with portraits of the principal Mexican commanders and leaders of the popular party. We hope the author will continue his history to the present time, and give us an account of the parties called *Yorkinos* and *Escosinos*, of which so much is said, and so little accurately known. The only certain fact seems to be, that their names indicate the sources whence the respective lodges of two classes of Freemasons have derived their institution; the former being from the Royal York Lodge in England, and the latter from the Lodges in Scotland. It happens singularly enough, that by some accident—for there is, we presume, nothing in the principles of the respective masonic lodges to cause the distinction—the *Yorkinos* are the violent radicals of Mexico, and the *Escosinos* the moderate party.

The Diagrams of Euclid's Elements of Geometry, in an embossed or tangible form. For the Use of Blind Persons, who wish to enter upon the Study of that noble Science. Part I. By the Rev. W. Taylor, Vicar of Bishop Burton. York, T. Marsh. London, W. Jay.

WE had heard of the surprising success with which the reverend author of this singular work cultivated the faculties of the blind, in the north of England, long before his ingenious invention for teaching them geometry was put into our hands. It is a very happy idea, and admirably calculated to add to the higher enjoyments of those afflicted with the loss of sight, by opening for them, in their dark state, a new and interesting source of employment and mental gratification. The plan is as simple as it is effectual; and consists of Simson's diagrams raised upon a thick paper or pasteboard, so as to be readily traced by the fingers. There is a pleasing preface, and brief directions for using this benevolent and beautiful system, which will console many heavy hearts, and lighten many a cheerless hour. The volume itself is a literary curiosity.

The Botanical Register. By Sydenham Edwards and others. Monthly. No. I. Vol. 14. Ridgway.

As we occasionally notice, in the columns of our

journal, those periodical publications of science or literature which strike us as being useful, instructive, and pleasing, we make no apology for saying a few words in favour of the publication now before us. It has long been known to the public as an excellent botanical work, and is executed in a manner which, considering its small price, is highly creditable to the liberal spirit of its publishers. The Number for the present month contains, together with five other plants, a representation of the famous *Air Plant* of China, the blossoms of which, each three inches in expansion, are of a rich scarlet, and produced in bunches of extraordinary size. In the same Number we also find *Pentstemon diffusum*, *Castilleja coccinea*, beautiful, hardy, herbaceous plants; and *Prunus candicans*, or Snowy Plum, a new hardy shrub of unusual beauty. What we consider the most valuable feature of this work, and what distinguishes it peculiarly in its class, is the judicious selection of its subjects, and the constant introduction of greenhouse and hardy flowers and shrubs, in preference to those which are to be preserved only in the hot-house, of which, however, a sufficient proportion is retained to render the Register useful to all classes of readers. Thus, in the last volume, we find, of the subjects which are represented, twenty-four stove plants, twenty-three greenhouse plants, and thirty-eight hardy shrubs or flowers.

Engraved Illustrations of Ancient Arms and Armour. With the Descriptions of Dr. Meyrick. Parts VIII. and IX. J. Skelton, Oxford.

THIS work, so interesting to the antiquary and the artist, and, indeed, to the public generally, proceeds with unabated diligence and care. The plates of the above-mentioned Numbers give a very clear and sufficient notion of the arms and pieces of armour which they are intended to represent. The illustrations contain various curious anecdotes. For instance, in describing the Allectet, which implies, in the German language, "all strength," and which was the armour of the infantry, Dr. Meyrick says,—"As this was the general costume of the Swiss, it may not be uninteresting to remark, that by putting themselves in armour, they completely changed the opinion respecting infantry." Having, during the fourteenth century, shaken off the Austrian yoke, they were well aware that, to be a match for the cavalry, "then considered the efficient force of armies, their mountainous district would not be sufficient without armour. They were, therefore, the first infantry that cased themselves in steel; and such became their renown, that all the continental monarchs eagerly sought their services. The battle of Marignano, in 1515, proved that the infantry of each respective country might be made equally effective."

Dictionary of the English Language, &c. &c. By Samuel Johnson, LL.D. London, 1828. J. O. Robinson.

THIS edition of Johnson's Dictionary, "stereotyped verbatim from the last folio edition corrected by the doctor," is eminently deserving of notice for its accuracy, the beauty of its typography, and the character of its arrangements. It is in one volume, of 1369 pages, divided each into three columns. In the preface there is an attack upon Todd, which, to some justice of remark, adds objections, of the force of which it is not easy to allow: the more copious any dictionary is,

it is the better; and the strangest words are generally those at which readers wish to look for their signification. But without going into the comparison between Todd's and this edition, we may warmly recommend the present for its convenience and excellency of form, and its cheapness in price, which renders it very eligible for all libraries and studies, where the means are moderate, and the desire for accurate information and easy reference great.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, March 8th, 1828.

THE dreadful accident that has occurred at the Brunswick Theatre, and the insecurity of the public, from the ignorance or negligence of individuals, calls imperiously for some legislative regulations, similar to those adopted by the French government. In France, details of every part of the plan and construction of public buildings must be previously submitted to a government architect, who examines the whole carefully, and suggests the alterations and modifications which he judges necessary for the public safety: and it is only on his written approval of the plan that the construction is permitted to be executed. Nor does his charge end here; he superintends the works as they proceed, and prevents the slightest deviation from the plan as sanctioned by him. Had such a regulation existed in England, the calamity at the Brunswick Theatre would not have happened.

The paternal care of the French government in whatever concerns the public safety and health, is admirable. In England, we hear continually of houses in a state of dilapidation falling, and entombing numerous persons in the ruins. In France there are regular inspectors, who go systematically through Paris, to ascertain the state of the houses; and whenever the slightest appearance of danger is obvious, the tenants are ordered to quit, and the place is pulled down. Private interests are never consulted, when the personal safety of the public is concerned. This surveillance is extended to the construction of all forges, furnaces, steam-engines, the manufactories of chemical products emitting offensive odours, &c. If a high-pressure engine be permitted in a town, one of the conditions is, that it shall be surrounded by a wall four feet thick; and the chimney must rise to a certain height above the adjoining buildings. The engine is not even permitted to be wrought, unless the boiler has been previously proved capable of supporting a power of steam four times greater than that at which it is intended to work. Besides these precautions, every boiler must be provided with a metallic plate, fusible at a small degree above the working power, that in case the safety valve should not act, or any other dangerous circumstance arise whereby the steam would become of a greater force than intended, the plate may melt, and the steam escape in abundance by the orifice.

A few months since, a dyer, near Paris, who had a high-pressure engine, was interdicted working it, on account of the insecurity of the boiler. The proprietor ordered another to be made, and invited the officers of government to witness the proof of it at the maker's: it was intended to work at two atmospheres, and perfectly resisted the force of eight atmospheres; and was, consequently, approved. The proprietor, however, thinking to be too cunning, did not send for it, but had his old boiler cut shorter and used again. The government engineers, not suspecting the trick, did not examine the boiler when putting up. The engine had not been at work two hours, when the new

end of the boiler was blown off at the rivets; the steam rushed out and destroyed two houses in the rear, and the boiler itself was driven, in a contrary direction, through the engine-house, to the distance of sixty yards: though weighing above two tons, it destroyed the engine, and killed the engineer and the proprietor, who happened to be in the engine-house. This accident arising from the wilful misconduct of the proprietor, his family was ordered to grant a pension to the widow of the engineer. In like manner, if any person be maimed or killed, by being run over, the proprietor of the horse or carriage is obliged to grant an indemnity to the sufferer, or grant a pension to the parents, widow, or children of the defunct.

Last season, two persons were out shooting; the gun of one of them went off; part of the shot lodged in the face of his companion, and deprived him of one of his eyes: he brought an action for the injury, and the other party was sentenced to pay him an annuity of fifty pounds during his life. In England, there being no *malice prepense*, the matter would be regarded as an accident, and no action could be sustained; but the French laws consider wisely, that an accident is the result of negligence, and it is punished as such, as no person ought to suffer from the negligence of another.

By a recent decision of the tribunals, no foreigner can be appointed an arbitrator,—a poor compliment to the honour of other countries, and likely to produce injurious results to the property of foreigners invested in France.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION: MARCH 7.

THE observations and illustrations given by Mr. Faraday at the lecture-table this evening were supplementary to those of February 15, for an account of which we refer our readers to the *Literary Gazette* of February 23. After some preliminary statements, he proceeded to illustrate the reciprocation of a column of air, not to the vibrations of a solid sonorous body, but to another column of air thrown into a vibrating state. Two German flutes were placed side by side, and breath being given to one to produce the sound C, the other also produced the same sound, as was rendered abundantly evident by fingering it so as to fit it to produce some other sound, when the sound resulting from the vibrations of both was considerably diminished.

In reference to the explanation formerly given of the Jew's-harp, namely, that the volume of air in the mouth could reciprocate to the tongue of the instrument, when the vibrations of the former were any multiple of those of the latter, a philosophical illustration and proof of the fact were given. A long metallic tube had a piston fitted into it, which, being moved, could lengthen or shorten the efficient column of air within at pleasure. A Jew's-harp was fixed so that it could be made to vibrate before the mouth of the tube, and it was found that, under such circumstances, the column of air produced a series of sounds according as it was lengthened or shortened, a sound being produced whenever the length of the column was such that its vibrations were a multiple of those of the Jew's-harp.

The manner in which Mr. Eilenstein succeeded in producing chords with this instrument was also shewn, by making the column of air, in a flute fingered for B, reciprocate at once to two tuning-forks giving the notes A and C; but the sounds are much enfeebled in this case, from the want of accordance be-

tween the reciprocating columns and the original phonics.

A reference was then made to the phenomena of beats and the grave harmonic sounds. The beats of several tuning-forks were beautifully reciprocated by a flute; and, indeed, there is no more striking method of rendering them evident. The reciprocation of a grave harmonic, independent of its generating sounds, was also referred to, and partly illustrated; but Mr. Faraday stated, that the sudden manner in which the subject had been resumed prevented the experiments from being so complete as was intended.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Fresh-Water Fishes of Great Britain.

Drawn and described by Mrs. Edward T. Bowdich. No. I. Imp. 4to. Ackermann. WE have been much delighted with the inspection of this beautiful work, which does great credit to the amiable and accomplished lady from whose pencil and pen it has proceeded. The drawings are the most splendid and faithful representations of the kind that we have ever met with; a circumstance in a great measure attributable to their having been made immediately after the fish were caught; "for," as Mrs. Bowdich observes, "not only do the colours of many fishes change, in the course of a few minutes after death, but even the shape of the head, in many instances, undergoes an alteration; so that in the subjects preserved in our cabinets, the figure of this important part frequently differs considerably from that which it bore in its native element."

The letter-press which accompanies the drawings comprehends a scientific description of the different fishes, with anecdotes, general notices on their habits, and changes of figure and colour, times of spawning, &c. Mrs. Bowdich states, that in her classification she has been kindly assisted by Baron Cuvier; whose system she has adopted, and who has given her the nomenclature he intends using in his forthcoming great work on Ichthyology. The present Number contains "Trout," "Carp," "Roach," and "Bleak." The succeeding Numbers are to appear at moderate intervals; and it is estimated that the work will be completed in ten numbers. As all the delineations will be coloured drawings, and consequently will occupy considerable time in finishing them with due attention to accuracy, the number of copies is to be limited to fifty.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, March 8.—Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—R. W. Mackay, Brasenose College; Rev. H. D. Ryder, Oriel College, Grand Compounders; W. M. Blencowe, Oriel College; C. C. Walkey, Scholar, Worcester College; Rev. P. W. Powllett, Michel Fellow, Queen's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—G. W. Hope, W. R. Courtenay, Christ Church; J. Gibbs, Worcester College.

CAMBRIDGE, March 8.—Thursday, C. Babbage, Esq. M.A. of Trinity College, was elected Lucasian Professor of Mathematics, vacant by the election of G. B. Airy, Esq. to the Plumian Professorship.

At a congregation on Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. R. M. Mant, Christ College, Compounder.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. H. Battiscombe, J. Packe, Fellows, King's College; J. H. Raven, Magdalene College.

Bachelors in Civil Law.—Rev. J. Vaughan, St. John's College; Rev. W. W. Aldrich, P. S. Aldrich, Trinity Hall; Rev. W. Gunning, Christ College, Compounder.

Bachelor in Physics.—E. Darwin, Christ College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. R. Fiske, Catherine Hall; J. B. Goodwin, W. Morhead, Sidney Sussex College.

At the above congregation graces passed the senate to appoint Mr. Hughes, of Emmanuel College, and Mr. Edden, of Trinity Hall, examiners of the junior sophes, in the place of Mr. Byam and Mr. Porter; also to confer the degree of M.A. by royal mandate on Mr. Procter, of Christ College.

The Hebrew dissertation was on Wednesday last adjudged to A. Adlis, B.A. of Trinity College.
The subject of the Scatonian prize poem for the present year is, *Spici ad Endor*. The Vice-Chancellor has given notice, that if any poem on the above subject shall be considered by the examiners to be entitled to distinguished commendation, a premium of one hundred pounds shall be given, instead of the usual sum of forty pounds.

THE LITERARY FUND.

ON Wednesday, the annual general meeting of this beneficent Institution was held at the chambers in Lincoln's-Inn Fields. Lord Goderich and Lord Ellenborough were elected vice-presidents, in the room of the late Mr. Canning and Lord Radnor, and J. Cam Hobhouse, Esq. *pro* John Symmons, Esq. retired. Five vacancies in the Council, caused by deaths and by non-attendance, were filled up by the names, from the general Committee, of Messrs. George Woodfall, Owen Rees, William Jerdan, Richard Blanshard, and William Tooke; and Messrs. T. Amyot, James Duncan, A. Spottiswoode (sheriff), Rev. H. Stebbing, and John Wilson, were added to the General Committee. The registrars, treasurers, and auditors, were re-elected.

A statement of the funds, &c. of the Society shewed its flourishing condition, notwithstanding the liberal spirit in which its bounties are dispensed. — The ordinary receipts of the past year were 1156*l.*—and the extraordinary receipts 440*l.*: total 1602*l.* The disbursements were 1175*l.*—or 15*l.* more than the ordinary receipts, but leaving a balance of above 430*l.* in the treasury, for the relief of literary wretchedness. To this fund, the anniversary dinner, on the second Wednesday in May, will, no doubt, make a splendid addition, as many distinguished noblemen, and persons eminent in literature, have promised to attend on that occasion. The Society has also a revenue from above 20,000*l.* in the public funds, the rents of houses, &c. &c. Legacies are often bequeathed to it by the charitable and benevolent; so that every lover of letters, and every one who feels admiration for the prodigious benefits derived by a country from a free and encouraged press, must congratulate themselves on the present prosperity and certain prospects of this Institution, the acts of which, we may safely say, are more than twice blessed.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

[Abridged from the Calcutta Gov. Gazette of Sept. 10.]

A MEETING of the Asiatic Society was held on Wednesday; the Hon. W. B. Bayley, Esq., vice-president, in the chair, and some routine was transacted.

Mr. E. Sterling presented to the museum a number of old coins found in Malwa, bearing the impressions of the Khilji sovereigns of Mando. Several coins also were presented by Mr. Halded, which were dug up at Sahaswan, or Saswan, a fortress built upon the ruins of a Hindu fort, destroyed by Baber early in the sixteenth century. They bear on one side the apparent outlines of a figure, and on the other the words Deva, or Mahadeva; but very rudely and indistinctly executed.

Several papers were received from Mr. Hodgson, descriptive of the written characters and classical writings of Nepal, and of the series of Baudha teachers venerated in that country. Also a drawing and description of the celebrated column near Bettiya, on which the same characters are inscribed as those on the Lot of Firoz Shah at Delhi and on the rock in Orissa, and have baffled, hitherto, every attempt to decipher them. Some of them resemble Greek, and others Ethiopic letters; but the resemblance is too partial to admit of any satisfactory iden-

tification. The pillar in question stands near the village of Mathiya, about eleven miles W.N.W. of Bettiya, six or seven from the Gunduk river, and about thirty miles from the mountains of Nepal. The whole country, to the base of the mountains, is perfectly free from hills, or even from stones, and there are no vestiges of any building of remarkable character or extent. The pillar is circular and plain, about 50 feet high and three in diameter, and consists of a single block of granite. It has no base, and is said to extend as far below the surface as above it; an assertion that may be questioned, although it runs several feet under ground. A neat fluted capital is surmounted by a round block, which is carved on its sides with a line of geese pecking the ground, and above which rests a lion couchant. The upper jaw of the lion has been broken off; but the pillar is in every other respect entire. The inscription is carried round the shaft near the centre, and the characters are perfectly distinct. Next to the inscription, the subject that excites curiosity is the manner in which such a mass could be conveyed to this spot from a distance so considerable as that of the nearest mountains. The general character of the column is the same as many to be met with in Nepal, and the figure of the lion is precisely that of the animal as represented in the Baudha temples of that kingdom. The Nepalese who have seen the pillar or the drawing, recognise it as a structure familiar to their religious architecture; but they do not lay any distinct claim to its erection—the history of which is utterly lost. In connexion with the literature and religion of Tibet, and, indeed, of the whole of the Bhote countries, it appears that the patronage of the Government has enabled the Hungarian traveller, M. C. de Koros, to proceed to Upper Bisahir, to prosecute his Tibetan studies for three years, in which period he engages to prepare a comprehensive grammar and vocabulary of the language, with an account of the literature and history of the country. These objects are the more desirable, as we understand Mr. De Koros considers the recent labours of Klaproth and Remusat with regard to the language and literature of Tibet as altogether erroneous. Mons. Remusat, indeed, admits the imperfectness of his materials; but Klaproth, as usual, pronounces *ex cathedra*, and treats the notion of any successful study of Tibetan by the English in India with ineffable contempt.

PINE ARTS.

BRITISH GALLERY.

No. 433. *Dogs hunting Rats in a Barn*. Martin T. Ward. — This is a subject for the "Fancy," and of its kind a very legitimate one; for though we are disposed warmly to reprobate the cruelty that, under the name of sport, is frequently exercised on the nobler animals, it would be carrying sensibility to an absurd length, were we to object to the extermination of vermin, which, if we did not destroy them, would speedily destroy us. Mr. Martin Ward has introduced some of the best qualities of the art into this spiritedly-painted picture.

No. 243. *Old Houses at Dolgelly, from a Sketch by E. V. Utterson*, Esq. Geo. Jones, R.A. — It is thus that the magic of art elevates and gives importance to objects which are of little or no value in themselves. Few have shown more talent in the characteristic and powerful representation of scenes of this kind than the very able artist whose performance

we are now considering. His style of execution is always in strict conformity to his subject.

No. 254. *Cottage Scene, with Figures; Evening*. John and Eliz. Dearman. — There is great harmony in the style of these partner-artists; and, which is still better, it is a good style;—in colouring, warm and glowing; in execution, brilliant and spirited. We have seen, elsewhere, paintings by Mr. John Dearman of great promise; and (as we understand he is a very young man) we are inclined to think that he is destined to take a high rank in the department of art in which he has chosen to display his powers.

No. 463. *Morning Prayer in the Church of Tournay*. G. R. Lewis. — This artist is the third of the name of Lewis whose performances have deservedly attracted our notice; each having merits of his own quite distinct from those of his namesakes. For instance the present picture is in style and effect singularly different from the works of either Mr. J. F. Lewis or Mr. F. C. Lewis. It possesses a solemnity of tone admirably suited to the subject, and a chiaroscuro worthy the pencil of Rembrandt.

No. 306. *Studies of the Giraffe, &c. painted for his Majesty*. R. B. Davis. — Close and accurate representations of this remarkable creature, and displaying its habits in a striking manner. Having ourselves taken considerable interest in the stranger when he landed on our shores, (inasmuch as even to give his portrait in the *Literary Gazette*), we may be excused for continuing to feel an interest in his welfare. This induces us to hint, that though our friend the Camelopard is a very great favourite with his royal Master, he, like other favourites, does not seem to be so well respected by others about court and menagerie, to whose care his entertainment has been intrusted. As Don Miguel was *feted* by competent individuals, appointed for that purpose, we are of opinion that the precedent is good, and that the charge of the Giraffe should be assigned to some scientific person, and not be left to mere grooms. Seriously, the preservation of so rare and curious an object of natural history is worthy of attention.

No. 338. *Gamekeeper Cleaning his Gun*; and No. 363. *Gamekeeper's Return from Duck-Shooting*. H. Pidding. — We merely name these extremely clever pieces, which we had almost overlooked from their situation. They are, nevertheless, very Flemish in their character and finish, and harmonious in their tone of colour.

No. 499. *A Visit of Consolation to the Sick*. W. J. Thomson. — A Scottish scene, extremely well composed, and extremely characteristic. The sentiment is of that tender and amiable kind which appeals to every human heart. The colouring is not so good; but we think an engraving of the subject would be popular. Mr. Thomson has long been distinguished as a miniature painter of the highest class: we do not remember to have seen any thing of his in oil before.

Our limits compel us to conclude. In doing so, we can conscientiously declare, that we think the present collection exhibits talent equal, perhaps superior, to that of any former collection in the same place. In the landscape department, it is very rich and abundant; in subjects of familiar life, scarcely less so; and the paucity of historical or poetical works of an elevated character is, we have no doubt, attributable solely to the slender encourage-

ment given to productions of that nature in this country. Having pointed out some of the principal attractions in the Gallery, it remains for the candid and judicious visitor to discover such as may have escaped our notice. If really "candid and judicious," his researches will be regulated by this "special observance," that when, among excellent qualities, he may chance to detect imperfections, he will—we will not say "give them an understanding, but no tongue," for that would be too much forbearance to expect or indeed to desire,—but, at least, he will not proclaim his discovery through a speaking-trumpet. Mild and discriminating criticism must always be beneficial; but only those who have mixed much with artists, and have had opportunities of observing the various evils and difficulties to which they are subject, can be aware how injurious is loud and unqualified condemnation; how destructive to the individual against whom it is directed; how detrimental to the cause of the fine arts generally.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Temple of Jupiter, in the Island of Egina. Engraved by John Pye, after a Picture by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

IN the last Number of the *Literary Gazette* we noticed a remarkably fine print after Turner, and we have now to call the attention of our readers to another, equally superb. If the publishers of the present day continue to bring out such productions as these, English engravings will speedily recover the high character they enjoyed throughout Europe some five and twenty or thirty years ago; but which the long duration of the war, (in a great measure closing the continent against us), and, still more, the wretched avarice of petty traders in this country, urging to the multiplication of cheap and inferior works, have, until lately, placed in abeyance. "The Temple of Jupiter" is from one of Mr. Turner's most finely painted and most classical compositions. The centre of the middle distance is occupied by a beautiful group of trees, assuming the most graceful and picturesque forms. A sacrificial procession is passing under them towards the Temple, which rises immediately behind in grand simplicity, and in which, through a tender and sunny haze, is shed a deliciously soft and neutralising light. The extreme distance on the right is the Ægean Sea; that on the left, Athens. In the fore-ground is a fountain, at which a kneeling female is slaking her thirst. There is extraordinary power in this part of the plate; and by its great depth, the aerial perspective of the more remote passages is most successfully preserved. We will not enter into an invidious comparison between the merits of "Tivoli" and those of "The Temple of Jupiter." They are both admirable works; they are so nearly of a size as to be very suitable companions; and the possessor of the one cannot possibly do better than immediately become the purchaser of the other.

The Two Dogs. Engraved by B. P. Gibbon, from a Picture by Edwin Landseer. 1828. W. B. Tiffin; and Colnaghi and Son.

PERHAPS, with the exception of "The Cotter's Saturday Night" and "Tam O'Shanter," there is not one of Burns's productions more deservedly popular than his "Two Dogs." Mr. Landseer seems to have entered com-

pletely into the feelings and spirit of the poet. He has most happily contrasted the graceful ease of "the gentleman and scholar" with the awkward rusticity of "the ploughman's collier;" and the conversation which, after having "wi' daffin weary grown," the canine play-fellows are holding "about the lords o' the creation," is evidently earnest and interesting, and full of sagacious and severe remark. The plate is admirably engraved.

Groups painted by Michelangiolo Buonaroti, 1508, 1511, in the Sistine Chapel at Rome. Engraved from a Drawing by William Young Ottley.

THIS print is rendered curious and valuable by the circumstance of its representing two groups which Michael Angelo painted under the figure of the prophet Jonas; and which he afterwards obliterated, in order to make room for the upper part of the celebrated Last Judgment; unmindful, perhaps, that in so doing, he rendered imperfect his genealogical series, shewing the descent of Christ from Abraham. The authority for these groups is a drawing of the early part of the sixteenth century, in the possession of Mr. Rogers.

Anche a te, Carino!—Anche a me, Madre mia! Designed and engraved by William Young Ottley. Colnaghi.

THESE two fine designs are dedicated, by permission, to Sir Thomas Lawrence. The hints for them were taken from nature, at Rome, so long back as the year 1792. They possess much of the grandeur of Michael Angelo: the parts are few, and large; and the composition is constructed with great skill, and great knowledge of ancient and academic art.

NATIONAL GALLERY.—Our readers are aware that a series of engravings from the pictures in the National Gallery are in progress by a body of our best artists. It affords us great pleasure to learn that his Majesty, ever seizing opportunities to encourage the cultivation of the Fine Arts, has placed the royal name at the head of the list of subscriptions to this great undertaking. So patronised, it cannot fail of success.

SCULPTURE BY MR. LOUGH.—We have taken a very hasty glance at the Exhibition of the designs prepared by this highly distinguished youthful artist, in Regent Street; which is to be opened on Monday. It consists of his celebrated Milo, and group of Samson slaying the Philistines; to which he has now added a new and noble composition of Iris visiting Somnus, from Ovid—and Musidora, from Thomson's Seasons. Having already spoken of the Iris group, we have now only time to express our perfect admiration of the God of Sleep: the position of the Goddess is a very difficult one; but it is treated with all the taste which truth and nature rendered possible. The Musidora is a companion worthy of any Venus of antiquity.

STOTHARD.—Mr. Hobday's Gallery in Pall Mall is about to receive an interesting accession in several of Stothard's earlier and best paintings, which are, we learn, on their way from Yorkshire. The gentleman to whom they belong possesses also a numerous collection of drawings by the same masterly hand.

COPY OF RAPHAEL'S INCENDIO DI BORGO.—This work, exhibiting in Pall Mall East, is of the size of the original in the Vatican, and

conveys to the beholder a fine idea of Raphael's grand production. It is done by Mr. Hollins, and does credit to his talents.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A FREE AND FRIENDLY ADDRESS

To the Author of "Odes and Addresses to Great People," &c.

OH Thomas Hood! thou soul of fun,
I know not one in London
Better than thee to make a pun,
Or better to be punn'd on!

Would that I knew thee!—come—reveal!
Art honest Tom, and good?
Dost thou a pun now never steal,
And turn a Robin Hood?

(In flow'ry dress, methinks thee Much,*
The Miller's Man); but, pahaw—
No longer I'll suspect there's such
An outlaw in the law!

Ah! you must have a cunning eye—
And doubtless as by instinct,
Your clients would move cautiously—
However slightly Hood-winked!

Hast thou a sister? why then ye
Might fill a convent! for ye would,
Sans other Hood-ed ones, still be
A Brother-Hood and Sister-Hood!†

And then the world would drolly pay
Thee more than poet's due,
And talking of Hood and Cowley say,
Thou wert a Priest-Hood too!

Where'er I lived, I would not care,
If live near thee I could;
For thou, methinks, would be a rare
And pleasant Neighbour-Hood!

But Tom, beware! the private end
Of some who courted thee would
Be less, perhaps, to get a friend,
Than to get a lively-Hood!

Art married?—then in kindly moods,
May Fate send thee, at least,
Some little, hopeful, likely, Hoods,
That thy fame may be increas'd!

Dost love a row on a lonely sea?
You ought—although 'tis dull—
Should not a Hood (like Byron) be
Attached much to a scull?

And should you e'er for heaven quit
The earth, in car o' th' sun—
(What did you say, you wicked wit?
You'd rather ride a-pun?)‡

Oh Tom! how much and oft I've longed
That then you kindly would
Leave me the Mantle that belonged
To such a funny Hood!

SAM WILDFUR.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

PROPHECIES.

SIR,—In your notice of Valentini's Military Reflections, you mention the prophecy of the dissolution of the Turkish empire, or at least of the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, by which it is supposed that they may be in some degree discouraged. Perhaps you will not be sorry to have a copy of this prophecy, authenticated by the Turkish original, as I find it in Sansovino's collection of Treatises relative to the history of the Turks, published about the middle of the sixteenth century.

"Our emperor will come; he will take the

* An associate of Robin Hood's.

† And that, too, without a Superior.

‡ My master, I think, meant "upon."—*Amantiss.*

* We have particularly criticised above seventy pictures in this Exhibition.

kingdom of an infidel prince; he will take also a red apple, and will reduce it under his power. If before the seventh year the sword of the Christians shall not be drawn, he shall be their lord till the twelfth year: he will build houses, plant vines, enclose (furnish) gardens with hedges, beget sons. But after the twelfth year from the time he reduced the red apple under his power, the sword of the Christians will appear, which will put the Turk to flight."

The original is as follows:—

"Patissa homoz ghelur, csaferun memle keti alur kuzalmai, alur capzeiler, iedi Vladdeh kelesi esikmasse on iki yladegh onlarum beglighider: cusi ipar, baghi diker, bahasar bay-lhar, ogli kelesi olur, on iki yldensorra Christianon kelesi esikar, ol Turki gheressine tuskure."

By the *red apple* the Turks understood some great and very strong city; and the prophecy was supposed to be verified in the capture of Constantinople. The periods of seven and twelve years must of course have been considered as mystic. Some supposed each year, like the jubilee, to comprehend fifty years, some a century, some 366 years.

This prophecy has not merely descended by oral tradition, but, though not found in the Koran, is recorded in works of the highest authority, and regarded with the utmost respect.

I will now give you a version of the same prophecy, translated from the Persian by Georgienitz.

"Imperator noster veniet, gentiliun regnum capiet, rubrum malum capiet, subjugabit. Septem usque ad annos, ethnicorum gladius si non resurrexerit, duodecim usque ad annos in eos dominabitur, domum edificabit, vineam plantabit, hortos sapè munit, et filium et filiam habebit: duodecim post annos Christianorum gladius insurget, qui et Turcam retrorsum profligabit."

I shall conclude with another prophecy, mentioned in one of his works by Leo the philosopher, emperor of Constantinople.

"Familia flava cum competitoribus totum Ismaelum in fugam conjiciet, septemque colles possidentem cum ejus possessoribus capiet."

He mentions also a column in Constantinople, the inscription on which was explained by the patriarch to signify that the Muscovites and some other European power would take the city of Constantinople, and, after some disputes, concur in electing a Christian emperor. Leo, as you know, reigned in 886.

I am, &c. HINT.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Thursday *Il Crociato* was produced, with Pasta in the character heretofore sustained by Velluti. There is a grand conflict carrying on just now between the partisans of these eminent musical personages; out of which some uproar arose in the course of the performance. It is, however, too late for us to enter upon particulars; the opera will no doubt be frequently repeated, and we shall do our devoirs to the new cast of parts.

DRURY LANE.

A NEW tragedy, and by Lord Porchester!—Come, thought we, here is a truly aristocratic production!—When peers flirt with poetry in this country of exclusive-ism, it should of course be with its highest orders. Marquesses must not dream of melo-dramas, viscounts should avoid vaudevilles, and barons abhor burlettas. Tragedy and comedy alone should

have the entrée of the studio of a noble dramatist—in the first place, on account of the corresponding rank they hold in composition; and, secondly, because lords can afford the time to write them, and the risk of "taking nothing by their motion." Imagine a poor devil of an author, (if, by the way, there be any of that ancient tribe remaining in this truly golden age of literature,) consuming the midnight oil, for six months at least, over the concoction of an original tragedy or comedy; awaiting the decision of the management three more; and, admitting it to be accepted, (a very liberal admission on our parts,) standing upon the tiptoe of expectation for three more till it be produced, assuring, in the mean while, his butcher, his baker, and his tailor, that the first shilling he receives from the theatre shall be appropriated to the settlement of their "small accounts." Imagine, we say, a long year thus past; half of it entirely occupied in the construction of the piece, and the other half in dancing attendance on the managers and superintending the rehearsals, in a state of mind, too, of course, which must preclude the possibility of any thing like further composition. The night of performance at length arrives: the butcher, the baker, and the tailor, are accommodated with orders to support the piece, on the favourable reception of which their hopes of payment rest, like the world upon the tortoise. The curtain rises; the three first acts go off like—like any thing! The half-price enters, knowing nothing about what has previously occurred—one-third of the party in a state to be taken before any night constable as "drunk and disorderly," and the few who have paid their money with the express intention of "hissing the new piece for fun!" An unfortunate line in the mouth of a fifth-rate actor or actress excites the risibility of the pit, or draws down a coarse but humorous exclamation from the gallery; the butcher, baker, and tailor, tremble for their "small accounts;" and three pair of hard red hands are instantly set in motion,—but failing to excite a corresponding action on the part of the disinterested, succeed only in bringing down the storm which might otherwise have remained louting a little longer over the head of the unfortunate author, who having gnawed the fingers off his gloves and the mark out of his pocket-handkerchief, (from the pleasant anticipation that he must shortly accustom himself to eat any thing,) has the misery of seeing the structure, which it has cost him a year's labour and anxiety to erect, levelled to the dust, and unfeelingly trampled upon by the ignorant, the vulgar, and the inconsiderate! O ye oracles of the age! who fulminate your anathemas against the small fry of translators and adapters, inferring, with so much justice, that they *cannot* write originally, because they *do not*, let one of your patriotic body step forth, and be the *Aria* of some modern *Pietus*. Plunge the dagger into their own bosom, and then say, "It is not painful." For our own parts, we care little where the matter comes from, provided it be amusing; and if writers are not ambitious of the fame of originality, we do not see that it is our business to inspire them with the fatal passion, or to impale them upon the stake of criticism, except in cases where they have not the candour to acknowledge their obligations—the modesty to "confess and be hanged." But we had almost forgotten, that an original tragedy was awaiting our sentence. The noble author of *Don Pedro* has, as will be perceived by the bills, named most of his characters after certain princes, peers, and dames of high

estate, who flourished in France and Spain about the middle of the 14th century. This, we think, was an unfortunate oversight of his lordship, as persons at all acquainted with history would be foolishly enough inclined to believe they were about to witness a representation of the most dramatic events in which such princes, &c. were the real actors. Lord Porchester, however, giving the town credit for superior sagacity, has ingeniously constructed a play, in which the truly tragical incidents of the period are either entirely avoided, or altered beyond the possibility of recognition. For instance—*Don Pedro*, or *Peter the Cruel*, king of Castile, is made to be jealous of his brother, Count Henry of Trastamar, instead of his other brother, Frederick, master of Santiago, though the truth of history might have been preserved, and no portion of dramatic interest lost by the adherence. Again, instead of availing himself of the belief that Peter, while struggling to destroy Henry, upon whom he had sprung like a tiger in the tent of the French king, was stabbed by one Rocaberti, who thus saved Henry from dipping his hands in a brother's blood, and delivered Spain from a remorseless tyrant,—his lordship has thought fit to make Peter fall in a cold-blooded single combat with Count Henry, and thereby disgusted the audience by a gratuitous exhibition of fratricide, while a catastrophe, in which poetical and real justice were so strongly and admirably blended, was ready to his hand. This is being original with a vengeance. Blanch of Bourbon and Maria de Padilla both preceded Peter to the tomb; the former being murdered by his own order, the latter dying heart-broken by his cruel treatment of her. Blanch, in the play, is, by some inexplicable means, preserved from the emissaries of Peter; to be poisoned by Maria in the last scene, à la fair Rosamond. All these deviations, however, might have been excusable in the eyes of mere playgoers, had his lordship improved upon his subject; but, unfortunately, that is far from the case. From the stirring times when England's romantic Edward, Du Guesclin, the champion of France, and Count Henry of Trastamar, surnamed *par excellence* "the Knight," filled Europe with their fame,—from a period of history teeming with dramatic material of the most interesting nature, the author of *Don Pedro* has failed to extract a single gem—a solitary situation. Disappointed grievously, we must confess, in this respect, we have little heart to extend our remarks, which are already rather of the longest. Of the poetical merit of any piece we object to pronounce a decided opinion, till we have read it by out-town fire-side—poetry on the stage being always spoken either too well or too ill to give a fair opportunity for criticism. One is either carried away by the fire of the actor, and the interest of the scene, or misled by the want of spirit and point with which a line is drawled or mouthed by some miscalled walking gentleman. As far as we could judge on Monday evening, the language of *Don Pedro*, without any particular claims to power or imagination, was unpretending and sensible. The best-written scene appeared to us to be that in which Henry obtains an interview with Blanch, in the disguise of a confessor—probably because it was the best-acted scene, and the only one in which there was any thing like natural interest. Macready had nothing to do; Mrs. W. West every thing. What could be expected from a tragedy under such circumstances? Mr. Wallack played *Raban*, a Jew, with his usual tact and spirit;

and Cooper acted the very ill-drawn character of *Pedro* with care and propriety. Our fair favourite, Ellen Tree, is making rapid strides in her profession: the beautiful, innocent, and suffering *Blanch* could not have had a better representative. We presume she finds her own dresses, as she was the only person decently or correctly attired in the whole play. The chivalry of France and Spain was the most ill-looking band of bravos that ever infested the mountains of Abruzzo. The tragedy proceeded with little interruption, (if we except some laudable hisses bestowed upon the acting of Mrs. W. West, who really gets worse and worse,) to the fall of the curtain, when it was announced, amidst much uproar, for repetition on Monday next. We imagine it will not reach a third representation.

COVENT GARDEN.

The romance of *Cymon* was produced here on Saturday, after a long repose, and charmingly played. Miss Stephens was all sweetness in *Syleia*, Miss Goward an excellent old *Dorcas*, Mrs. Gibbs an unfaded *Fatima*, and Mrs. Vining a grand Enchantress. Duruset, as *Cymon*, performed and sung with equal spirit and taste; Farren, in *Dorus*, left us nothing to wish; and Egerton's *Merlin* and Penson's *Linceo* filled up completely the merits of the piece. The *Somnambulist*, or rather Miss Kelly, continues in a high career of popular attraction. The *Invincibles* also proceed invincibly, though the severe illness of Vestris has thrown her part into the hands of Miss Goward. There could be no better substitute.

The annexed spirited and characteristic verses, written by Mr. Planché, were added to the national air of Rule Britannia, for the Covent Garden Fund anniversary of yesterday. The compliment to the royal chairman in the last, is, in our opinion, peculiarly happy and well expressed.

And while by Royal William's hand
Thine "ocean sword" shall wielded be,
Low shall the despot of each hostile land
Bow to the sultans of the sea!
Rule Britannia, &c.
Up to the skies your welcome send!—
Give, give, your honest joy free scope!—
For while lamented sets "the Soldier's Friend!"
Over us dwains "the Sailor's Hope!"
Rule Britannia, &c.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

HAVING now seen the new interlude at this house, entitled, *The Scape Grace*, or *I've been Roaming*, we have the pleasure of saying, that it is a light lively trifle, admirably acted by Mr. and Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Hughes, Mr. Hill, and Mr. Buxton, and highly creditable to the talent of the fair translator, whose *coup d'essai* we understand it is. *Presumptive Evidence*, and *Paris and London*, complete the attractive bill of fare, which we suppose will remain unaltered during the few stock nights that are left of the season.

ORATORIO.—On Wednesday a capital selection of ancient and modern music varied the treat at Drury Lane, under Bishop's skilful management, with a strong and well-arranged orchestra. Braham was superb in "Oh! 'tis a glorious sight to see;" and charming in Clifton's air "The Banner should wave." Miss Paton appeared, but was too ill to sing: she vainly essayed her first song, but sank under the effort. Mr. Horncastle is sweet—we wish he would put more energy into his style. Mr. E. Taylor is correct, but exceedingly monotonous. Brambilla gave Pacini's air beautifully; and Miss Grant, in a duet

with Braham, added greatly to her rising reputation. Miss Shireff in "O softly sleep my baby boy," displayed both taste and flexibility of organ; and Miss Love with her depth of voice, well managed in several pretty ballads, was loudly encored. Miss Love's principal deficiency is in enunciation: let her listen to Braham, Pasta, or Vestris, and take a lesson in this respect. Of Pasta herself we need only say that she was *glorious* in "Di piacer" and "Ah come rapida." At the close of the performances a *row* was produced in consequence of the leading singers being absent when the chorus were giving the Coronation Anthem. Mr. Bishop apologised, and brought back Taylor, Horncastle, Tinney, Miss Cawse, &c.; but this did not allay the disturbance, which continued to the end.

THE FRENCH OPERA.—The French opera has been for some time in a languishing state, on account of a want of novelty. Even Rossini's pieces, too often repeated, ceased to attract full houses. A new opera, therefore, of considerable interest was required to meet the current expenses; and *La Muette de Portici*, has come most apropos to the relief of the theatre. The subject is taken from the comic opera of *Masaniello*; and the authors of the new opera, Monsieur Scribe and Delavigne (most French pieces are written by a company,) have availed themselves of all the interesting part of the story, and modified it to the taste and laws of *le grand opéra*. The music is by M. Aubert, and greatly increases his reputation. Two parodies are already on the stocks for the theatres of the Boulevards; and it is even said that M. Scribe is the author of one of them.

VARIETIES.

The Christian Era.—The precise period of the birth of our Saviour has frequently been the subject of discussion among chronologists; by some of whom it has been asserted that it took place four years before the vulgar era. Dr. Munter, of Copenhagen, has published a little treatise, full of erudition, in which he maintains that it occurred about six years before the vulgar era; so that the present year ought to be called 1834.

Potosi.—This town is built on unequal ground, at the foot of rocks. The air is so thin and subtle, that it is impossible to take fifty steps without experiencing a difficulty in breathing; so that visitors to the place always walk very slowly; and even the natives are not entirely exempt from the evil. The climate is exceedingly rigorous and variable. The four seasons occur on every day in summer. There are no promenades, no diversions, at Potosi. It is closely surrounded by stones and rocks. Fruit, vegetables, wood, forage, come from a distance of at least thirty leagues. According to the census of 1826, the population does not exceed 11,200; about fifty years ago it was 52,000. This shows the ravages that war has made. Potosi is a very poor place, notwithstanding its mines, which, for want of men and money to work them, are almost abandoned. *Foreign Journal.*

Indian Customs.—The following example of self-immolation occurred lately at Gwalior, as we see from a Madras Gazette which we have just received. At Jaipur, an old Bairagi, above a hundred years of age, the head of an establishment, had assembled about seven or eight thousand mendicants of his order, whom he fed for two days: on the third, he dug a pit, in which he placed the seat of his pre-

decessor, and delivering over his own pillow to his spiritual successor, Sivinath, he announced, in a loud voice, that this year would be agitated by public calamities; and then entering the pit, the Bairagi present, by his desire, buried him alive.

Holland.—From an investigation of the state of population in the kingdom of the Netherlands, by a Mr. A. Quetelet, containing an abridgment from the memoirs of the Royal Academy of Brussels, it results, that the proportion in the births of the males to the females is there as 1000 to 945; of the births to the marriages as 48 to 10; and the proportion of the population to the marriages as 150 to 1. At present, the Netherlands count seven great poor and work-houses, at Mons, Hoogstraten, Namur, La Cambre, Brussels, Brügge, Hoorren, and Reckhiem. In the year 1821, there were 117 prisons; and the number of the persons arrested amounted in toto to 9,144.

Mr. Conway.—The *Chester Chronicle* mentions, in a paragraph, that Mr. Conway, the tragedian, who went to America a few years ago, and performed in that country with great success, was drowned on the 24th of January, while on his passage from New York to Savanna. What adds to the distressing nature of this event is, the statement that the unfortunate gentleman threw himself into the ocean in a fit of despondency. Should this fact be confirmed, we shall at a future day have the melancholy satisfaction of presenting our readers with a memoir of Mr. Conway, the measure of whose whole life was so filled up with misfortunes and disappointments, acting on a high and sensitive mind, as to be an example of much interest, and but too likely to lead to the catastrophe with which it ended.

Ease of the French Language.—An English lady of seventy-five wrote from London to her son in Paris:—"I have at length, my dear William, determined on joining you in Paris; and, as I do not wish to look like a fool on my arrival, I intend devoting three months before I start to acquire the language grammatically. Queen Elizabeth learned Latin completely, as Ascham tells us, between Christmas and Easter; and why should I not learn an easier language in the same time? Send me, therefore, directly, the best works on the language you can find."

Answer.—"Agreeably to your request, my dear mother, I send you the best grammatical writers on French: they consist of Dufief's Grammar, 2 vols. 8vo.; Laveaux's Dictionary, 2 vols. 4to.; Laveaux's *Difficulties* of the French Language, 2 vols. 8vo., 1400 pages, double columns (I am sorry the type is so small, but there is no other); Laveaux's Synonymal Dictionary, 2 vols. 8vo., same type. You see you have only to study the grammar, run over the dictionary, and get off by heart 2,800 pages of difficulties, and about 2000 of synonymous words. There are many other works of merit, but these few will suffice for all your purposes. Hoping ardently to see you in three months, I am your's affectionately, W. DURHAM.

Criticism.—A *drawing critic* in the lobby the other night, made an odd meaning double by his mode of asking, "Why did Lord Forchester write Don Pedro?—*The Cruel!*" Another hoped it would be more than *The Moor*; and so might be much.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Wallenstein.—An article from Berlin, dated December 1827, states, that in the collection of documents and manuscripts of Director Karris, there have been found, among other "most important papers," above Two Hundred Letters of the famous Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland, which have been hitherto quite unknown. They relate to a portion of the thirty years' war, from the period of 1627 to 1634, and are addressed to various individuals and autho-

rites. Among these, there are a hundred and fifty in Wallenstein's own hand-writing, relating to the siege of Stralsund, the occupation of Mecklenburg, &c. &c. The statement adds, Mr. Karpig "will publish these letters of Wallenstein in a chronological order. The friends of history look forward with the highest expectation to the speedy appearance of these documents."

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Friday . . . 7	— 25. — 42.	30.17 — 30.05
Saturday . . . 8	— 40. — 53.	29.96 — 30.14
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Rain fallen .025 of an inch.
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